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AROUND THE WORLD IN TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS

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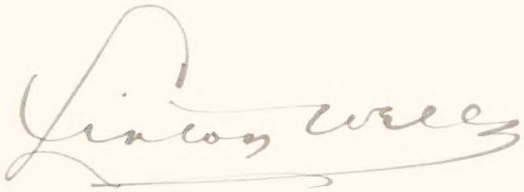

PREVIOUS WORLD RECORD 35 DAYS
ROUND TRIP IN 28 DAYS
ROUND TRIP IN 28 DAYS
HERE THEY ARE - BACK AGAIN!
"DEAR ME! I SHOULD HAVE CALLED MY BOOK AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTEEN DAYS' "
LE TOUR DU MONDE EN QUATRE-VINGTS JOURS BY JULES VERNE
AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS BY JULES VERNE
EIGHTY DAYS NOW SEEMS SLUGGISH

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THE RECORD-BREAKERS
Edward S. Evans (left) and Linton Wells (right)

AROUND THE WORLD IN TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS

By

LINTON WELLS

With an Introduction by

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

AND WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
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TO
MY FRIEND AND ASSOCIATE
IN THIS GREAT ADVENTURE
EDWARD S. EVANS

AUTHOR'S NOTE

To avoid excessive use of the personal pronoun, which must necessarily be injected with annoying frequency into a first-person narrative, the author has employed the third person in this account of Edward S. Evans's and his now historic twenty-eight-day race against time around the world.

FOREWORD

Down through the Ages, two of Man's ambitions have been to annihilate Time and Space.

That he has so far succeeded is indubitably true. Speed is the essence of efficiency to-day; and undeniably it will be the essence to-morrow.

This has been brought about by the development of aerial transportation facilities, which, sad to relate, the majority have so far failed to appreciate, due entirely to Man's innate fear of having both feet off the ground at the same time.

But the conquest of the air is an accomplished fact. And it will not be more than ten years until trains and steamers as means of conveyance will be almost as anachronistic in the realm of transport as the horse-drawn carriage and sailing ships are to-day.

Less than a year ago an American naval aviator flew over a one-kilometre course at a speed slightly in excess of three hundred miles an hour. Were it possible to maintain that speed for a sufficient period of time (a dream we shall all probably live to see realized), one might easily circumnavigate the globe in eighty hours instead of

eighty days, as one Jules Verne so fantastically predicted fifty-four years ago.

Two years ago the United States Army Air Service proved that it is possible to fly around the world. In actual flying time fifteen days were required to cover a distance in excess of twenty-six thousand miles; in elapsed time more than five months were necessary. But the feat was accomplished.

Twice daily the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards of these United States are being joined in less than thirty hours, by the efficiently operated Air Mail, and more than a score of feeder lines have brought the key cities of America into closer relationship.

The Atlantic has been bridged by air several times and the late Commander John Rodgers and his intrepid Navy crew were in sight of the Hawaiian Islands when they were forced down because of an inadequate gas supply.

Man has maintained an airplane in constant flight for more than forty-one hours and an altitude of forty thousand feet has been reached.

Commander Byrd easily flew to the North Pole and back; Amundsen and his associates virtually joined Europe with Asia by the historic flight of the Norge.

Thousands of air miles in Europe are daily being

traveled without mishap by thousands of people, and throughout the world there is being created an interest in air travel which inevitably must result in this method of transport replacing the slower types in use to-day.

The development of aviation has been a long and arduous process. The pioneers in the game were characterized as daredevils, needlessly risking their necks and hardly worthy of more consideration than that accorded freaks in a sideshow. But the fact that aircraft has been developed to its present state of efficient operation is due solely to the efforts of those brave men who, with nothing more than theories to back up their unproved convictions, hopped off into space in machines which to-day one finds difficult to believe could be sustained in flight. There were thousands of these Darius Greens who went bravely to their death or were maimed for life because they had the courage of their convictions, and experiments with aircraft went on and on and on until to-day the airplane is no longer a curiosity. Frequently some of us will so overcome our fears as to risk a 'joy-ride' of five minutes' duration, and not one man in a hundred will bother to look upward when he hears the roar of an airplane overhead.

The real pioneering in aviation is over; the air-

plane as a safe, sane, and reliable passenger- and freight-carrier is an accomplished fact. It now remains only for the business men of the world to elevate it to the position it deserves by getting whole-heartedly behind it and proving its commercial worth, and it is gratifying to note a decided tendency in this direction. Here in America Henry Ford and his son, Edsel, have gone into aircraft production and operation, so far without profit, it must be admitted, but by doing so they have interested others of influence in the business world and confidence in the airplane has been increased. After this educational period will come the profits.

As the months and years pass the theories of aero-dynamics will be augmented by new discoveries; the airplane motor will be developed to a state of higher efficiency and sold as cheaply as other internal-combustion engines; new and safer airplanes will be designed and built and there will come a time when the veriest novice will take off, navigate, and land his machine without risk to it or himself. In fact, Eddie Stinson has already built an airplane which is so far in advance of anything yet constructed that it is virtually foolproof.

Mr. Average Citizen's flivver will soon be of the air variety and on Saturdays he and the family will hop off from the vacant lot next door and join

the grand hegira through the infinite for a pleasant, safe, and inexpensive week-end at some remote rendezvous for the weary.

Fantastic? Impossible? No more so than were the arguments favoring the automobile twenty-five years ago, when millions pronounced them thorns in the path of progress and refused to forswear the horse and carriage. And to-day one out of every five inhabitants of the United States owns an automobile of some description, and the other four are eternally hopeful some one will invite them for a ride.

This is the Aerial Age and fortunate are those who realize the fact, who have faith in the airplane and are devoting their efforts and money to its development.

One of the motivating influences which caused Edward S. Evans and Linton Wells to attempt their record-breaking feat of circumnavigation of the globe in twenty-eight days was to prove that the airplane can be utilized as a safe and expeditious method of transport, not only over country where air routes are being operated regularly, but also over the remote, almost inaccessible sections of the globe which aircraft can bring into contact with the outside world.

And they proved it.

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INTRODUCTION

If wars are bad, and if misunderstandings cause war; if time is money, and if money is a good thing — and if various other such truisms are true, then it is important to speed up and in every way improve world communications. We must have swifter and surer mails, cheaper telegraphs and cables, more radios. We must facilitate travel so that we may learn that distant peoples are human and lovable, if a bit queer and somewhat misguided in not beginning to model themselves on us the moment they see us. Reciprocally, we must make it easy for them to come and visit us, and to spend money in our town, enriching us the while they are learning to admire our works and ways.

In making the world smaller, so that we can visit each other more frequently, and more readily make money by taking in each other's washing, every one has been important who has helped to reduce the round-the-world record from the three years of Magellan to the eighty days of Jules Verne and the twenty-eight of Evans and Wells. These last are not the most important, but they look largest in our perspective, being nearest. The echoes of their triumph have not died, their smiling

faces are only now fading from the current newsreels.

Edward S. Evans and Linton Wells finished their race at the World Building, New York, hardly more than yesterday, and I am here applauding their good work, by writing a preface, partly because everybody is applauding and I am one of the crowd; but partly because I have a standing in the case. For I also have been doing my best for years to help at that same job of bringing the ends of the earth closer together.

My own chief concern, since others were attending to other things, has been to try to make the world smaller from north to south. The Evans-Wells effort was to compress it from east to west. But Evans, at least, has also worked on the north-south problem. In fact, that is the real reason of my being asked to write this preface — we have been working as partners on the Detroit Arctic Expedition, the programme of which is to open up the short air routes across the Arctic, so that men who want to visit Tomsk or Yokohama, as Evans and Wells did recently, shall not have to go by the longer and more difficult roundabout journey east or west, as they had to, but can go instead by the shorter, safer, and easier northern road that shall lie as a really wise crow would fly, and as a mathe-

matician draws the shortest possible line between points on a globe.

Read this book, with icy shivers creeping up your spine as your imagination sees the Evans-Wells planes dropping a hundred feet into an air pocket, or being skyrocketed a hundred feet over an air bump; then turn to the account of the Detroit Arctic Expedition, which Evans managed, and read that Captain George H. Wilkins and Major Thomas G. Lanphier skimmed four thousand miles over Arctic mountains, plains, and seas in winter without feeling a single bump or dropping into one air pocket. Next read about the weather and learn that Wilkins suffered less than Evans and Wells, for he was better prepared — just as you will suffer less in Winnipeg than in Rome in January because the heating systems are different. Then consider the fogs, thick weather, and storms, and you will find them about even in the Arctic and the Temperate zones. And so on, till you have learned, by comparing the Wilkins-Lanphier and Evans-Wells accounts, what sort of flying conditions you meet if you go to Central Asia east, and what sort if you go north. Then you will understand why the same Evans who worked so hard to promote the Lincoln Highway westward to the Pacific is now working equally hard to promote the Detroit Airway north-

ward across the Arctic. Both are thoroughfares to that Asia which we must understand, and which must understand us, if peace and prosperity are to be any less insecure in the future than they have been in the past. Each is a segment of a road around the world, making it smaller, more intimate, more sympathetic as knowledge grows.

I am afraid that I am beginning in this preface to make Evans look too solemn, as constantly brooding on good and great things. His seriousness is in reality genial, at times playful. In fact, he does much of his best work in play — real play, his summer vacations from the grind of business. It was a vacation stunt when he and the partner of one of his enterprises, Austin F. Bement, drove over Carroll Summit, Nevada, where the grade was so steep that the wheels of their motor had to be locked and the machine slid down the hill; but now the Lincoln Highway follows that route, binding the Prairie States to the American West. It was another vacation stunt when he and Bement drove the first motor from Winnipeg to Victoria, negotiating Frazier Canyon on the Canadian National Railway tracks, crossing fifty-seven trestles and going through nineteen tunnels; but the Gold Medal which they won for that stunt from the Canadian Highway Association was followed by an appropri-

ation of funds that finished this year a highway which binds the Prairie Provinces to the Canadian West.

From the point of view of Evans, the race around the world, of which this book tells, was also a vacation stunt. He does one new thing each year, engrossing enough so that he really forgets business for a month. But in lowering the record from thirty-five to twenty-eight days, he has learned something and has taught us something. His surprise was evident, and equally evidently regretful, when he found flying conditions better in the Communistic U.S.S.R. than in the Republican U.S.A. There was surprise, though unmixed with regret, when Wells found the road-bed of the Trans-Siberian Railway so smooth that he could stand steady on one leg as the train sped on for minute after minute — for why should we be jealous of that? We can do it in this country, too, for our railways, unlike our airways, are among the best in the world. And so on for the things the two racers learned and have passed on to us through this book.

Something that makes for 'progress,' something we consider to be for the good of the world, will come from the adventures and knowledge of a journey spanning the globe in twenty-eight days; and something, too, from the stimulus of 'hanging up'

another record as a target for the ambitious. Evans is that sort of man. Somehow or other he will see to it.

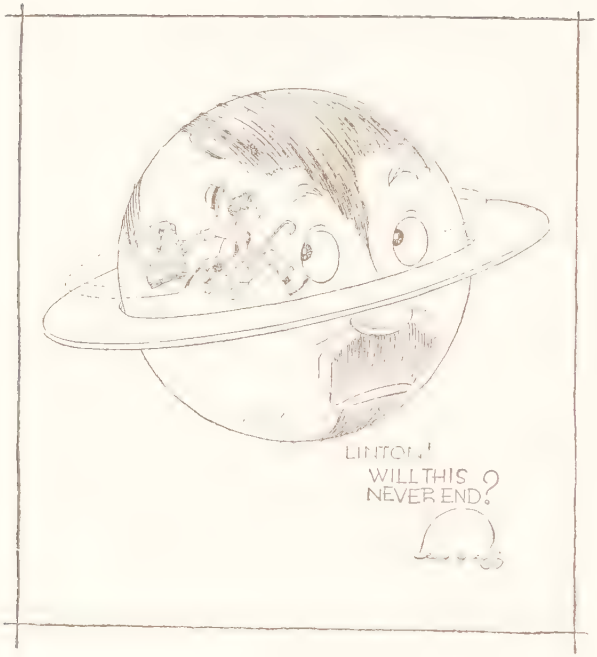
Wells, as portrayed in this book, is an adventurer in the good Elizabethan sense of that word — a soldier-of-fortune (in part literally, for he has been in foreign wars), a newspaper correspondent, by training and nature a man of action, good to bank on in a tight place. Evidently he looks upon the winning of this world record as only one in a series of adventures — or, rather, in a chain, for he wants them to be connected, each leading to another. Evans will follow up the new things of which he caught a glimpse; walk slowly, sometime, and with insight, through the woods and towns over which he skimmed just now. Wells, I should imagine, has a bolder and more thrilling scheme already well in mind.

Meantime the adventure which is finished, and this book that tells the story, have done and will do their part to make distant lands near, more understandable, and better understood.

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

NEW YORK, N.Y.
September 12, 1926

PART ONE
THE PREPARATION


LINTON!
WILL THIS
NEVER END?

AROUND THE WORLD IN TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS

CHAPTER I

It was something more than fifty years ago that the imaginative Mr. Jules Verne precipitated a skeptical world into the seething cauldron of lively discussion over globe-girdling possibilities by writing his immortal 'Around the World in Eighty Days.'

For more than a half-century, old and young have thrilled to the fanciful exploits of Mr. Verne's fictional characters, the imperturbable Phileas Fogg; the faithful Passepartout; the beautiful Aouda; and Mr. Fogg's Nemesis, Detective Fix.

A trip around the world is the dream of every one. To wander leisurely along the highways and byways of strange lands is a perfectly normal and healthy desire, generally aroused during childhood days and kept alive through the passing years by a hope that some day the 'ship will come sailing in' and carry the dreamer to remote ports, there to woo those mystic Goddesses Romance and Adventure.

But to encircle the world in a shorter space of time than man has ever done; to accomplish the chronometrical feat of beating the mechanically revolving hands of the clock during a period of four arduous weeks — ah, that's the thing! Who is there that has read Verne's fantastic tale of travel and adventure and not pictured himself in the rôle of Phileas Fogg — longed in his heart of hearts for an opportunity to experience this great adventure?

The world has been circled by water; by land and water; by land, air and water; and by air alone; people have walked, ridden bicycles and motorcycles, and driven automobiles around it; but until 1926, never in less time than 35 days, 21 hours, and 35 minutes.

The first record for circumnavigation of the globe was established by the expedition of that intrepid Portuguese explorer, Ferdinand Magellan. In 1519, Magellan, who was by way of being an adventurer of sorts, approached the King of Portugal with a suggestion that he support an expedition to discover a western route to the Spice Islands. The King of Portugal wasn't interested in financing expeditions that year and declined the offer with thanks. Not being proud, Magellan carried his proposal to the King of Spain, who accepted it.

Starting from Seville a few months later, Magel-

lan touched the coast of North America, wandered southward until he reached the tip of South America, sailed through the straits which bear his name to this day, and in due course of time found himself in the Philippine Islands. The voyage had not been an easy one, what with mutinies and storms, and one chronicler records that it must have been with a feeling of relief that Magellan met his death during an encounter with natives in the Philippines.

Though somewhat discouraged, the remaining members of the expedition pressed on and succeeded in sailing their ship back to Seville, arriving in 1522, almost three years from the time of departure. A lengthy voyage, but their feat went down in history as the first globe-girdling journey on record.

While others undoubtedly established records during the ensuing three hundred and fifty years, history has failed to mention them, and it remained for the fictional Mr. Fogg to arouse interest in the feat. His biographer, Mr. Verne, records that Mr. Fogg wagered twenty thousand pounds that he could travel around the world in eighty days; that he departed from Charing Cross Station, London, at 8.45 P.M., Wednesday, October 2, 1872; and that he won his wager by appearing at the Reform Club, London, precisely on the dot of 8.45 P.M., Saturday,

December 21, 1872 — eighty days to the second. Mr. Fogg actually returned to London in seventy-nine days, but was not aware of the fact, due to an error in time, until ten minutes before he was to appear at the Reform Club in order to win his bet.

The Verne story was generally ridiculed. The consensus of opinion was that, like most of Mr. Verne's stories, it was 'absurd and impossible'; that while train and steamer facilities were sufficiently adequate to transport one around the world in eighty days, the general uncertainties of travel and the element of chance were so strong as to prevent one engaging in such a foolhardy attempt. Mr. Verne maintained a discreet silence, refusing to enter into any controversy with his captious critics, and continued to draw the very substantial royalties which the book drew for him.

It was not until 1889, however, that sufficient interest was aroused to test the matter.

At that time the late Joseph Pulitzer employed on his 'New York World' a comely young 'sob-sister.' Female reporters were not held in particularly high regard at that time and Elizabeth Cochrane had adopted the pen-name of Nellie Bly. Some of the old-timers in the news game recall her as being 'about as big as a minute, and prettier than she should be,' but possessed of amazing nerve, energy,

and resource, added to which was an ability equal if not superior to that of the best male reporter on the sheet.

Nellie Bly, for that is the only name by which she was ever known, was called into the office of the great publisher one morning and asked a question:

'Can you start on a trip around the world tomorrow?'

If she was surprised she didn't display the fact by the bat of an eyelash. 'Yes, sir,' she replied with commendable brevity.

'All right; see if you can't knock about five days off this fellow Phileas Fogg's record,' she was instructed. 'Drop in this afternoon again.'

An assignment is an assignment in the news game; and ordinarily a reporter isn't given more than a few minutes to prepare to cover one. Considering herself fortunate in having almost a day in which to get ready for this one, Miss Bly went home and packed and the following day was on the Atlantic, en route to Southampton. She passed through England, crossed the Channel to France and at the request of Jules Verne stopped at Amiens to pay him a brief visit.

Although this was seventeen years after he had sent Phileas Fogg around the world in eighty days, Verne expressed doubt that Miss Bly could dupli-

cate the feat; he quoted facts and figures showing why it could not be done. Miss Bly listened attentively, but predicted she would better Fogg's record by five days or more. Mr. Verne, appreciating the futility of arguing with a woman, kissed her on both cheeks and wished her Godspeed.

The intrepid 'sob-sister' continued on her way, and after a series of thrilling adventures, not failing to mention a half-dozen proposals from importunate suitors, all of which were laughingly rejected, arrived back in New York just 72 days, 6 hours, and 11 minutes after her departure. The story of her remarkable feat was on every one's lips, Jules Verne's story was vindicated (as other 'impossible' predictions of his have since been justified), and Miss Bly's name was recorded indelibly upon history's pages. Five years after her epochal trip Nellie Bly married Robert Seaman, but until the day of her death, nearly four years ago, she continued to be affiliated with the newspaper world. And to-day, mention racing around the world and the oldsters instantly will remark: 'Oh, yes; I remember when Nellie Bly did that!' Other records may be forgotten, but those of Phileas Fogg and Nellie Bly will live forever.

Miss Bly's record didn't stand very long, for in 1890 (the same year in which she completed her

trip) George Francis Train set forth and negotiated the distance in 67 days and 12 hours, but without arousing much interest.

Train's record stood until 1901, when Charles Fitzmorris, erstwhile Chief of Police of Chicago, accomplished the feat in 60 days and 13 hours.

Henry Frederick was the next to make the attempt, and in 1903 he crossed the finish line in 54 days, 7 hours, and 2 minutes.

Colonel Burnley Campbell then entered the contest and in 1907 reduced Frederick's record by almost two weeks, checking in after 40 days and 19 hours. Colonel Campbell's trip was of particular interest, for until this time all previous contestants had made the journey via the Suez Canal and around India, thence touching at Singapore and continuing along the China coast to Japan, and from there across the Pacific. Colonel Campbell utilized the Trans-Siberian Railway — a through service over which had been opened to the world after the expiration of Russo-Japanese hostilities — and was thus able to save much time between Europe and Asia.

Four years after Colonel Campbell's trip Andre Jaegar-Schmidt tried his hand at the game, also using the Trans-Siberian. Backed by a powerful Paris newspaper, Jaegar-Schmidt gave to the world a series of fascinating stories recounting the thrilling

experiences he underwent in his successful endeavor to reduce the record to 39 days, 19 hours, 42 minutes, and 38 seconds.

John Henry Mears, well-known New York theatrical producer, was the next and, until 1926, the last candidate for globe-girdling glory.

At 12.43 A.M., July 2, 1913, Mears dashed down the steps leading into the offices of the 'New York Sun,' caught the Mauretania by a narrow margin, and in due time left the vessel at Fishguard, entraining for London. By train and boat he reached Paris, then connected with another train for Berlin. From that point, he reached Ekaterinburg, Russia, via Leningrad, where he was delayed eighteen hours by a washout. Through the courtesy of the Japanese Government in subsequently extending him special facilities, he reached Japan and made his connection with the Empress of Russia and arrived at Victoria on schedule.

Despite train delays across America, Mears managed to reach the steps leading into the 'New York Sun' offices at 10.18 P.M., August 6, 1913, four fifths of a second later than he had predicted he would arrive, 35 days, 21 hours, and 35 minutes previously. He had reduced Andre Jaegar-Schmidt's time by almost four days, and for thirteen years his record remained unchallenged.

CHAPTER II

One day, in the fall of 1925, Edward S. Evans and Linton Wells were in New York, loafing in a Biltmore Hotel suite and engaged in irrelevant conversation.

Perhaps it was because Evans was tired after a long day spent in the business world of Lower Manhattan; or perhaps it was because both men are essentially adventurers that the conversation turned to the adventurous pursuits followed by Wells.

'Now that the Moroccan mess is over, what are you planning to do?' Evans asked.

'Search me,' Wells replied. 'Go abroad again, I suppose. No use hanging around here. You'll always find something interesting in odd corners of the world.'

'Seems to me you'd get tired of this sort of life,' Evans observed, 'and settle down.'

'Not I, Edward,' Wells declared. 'I've become a professional traveler, I guess, and I might just as well stick to it as long as the game lasts. Friend of mine referred to me the other day as an International Time Table, and that's about the truth, although I haven't figured out whether the title is one of opprobrium or otherwise.'

'But where's it getting you?' Evans demanded.

'Nowhere, probably,' Wells confessed indifferently. 'But I have the satisfaction of knowing that a well-known newspaper editor said of me not long ago that if he wanted something done which nobody else would *attempt*, I'd go out and *do* it. And thus is the "ham-and-egg" element in life provided for.'

'But how well?' asked Evans pointedly. 'You're not going to be able to do these things all your life, you know, and you'd better begin to cash in on what you've done.'

'Materialistic Edward!' reproved Wells with a laugh. 'Frankly, I intend to — some day. Fact of the matter is, I've got an idea which would enable me to put my peculiar talents to good use. I made up my mind twelve years ago that I'd do it some day; perhaps I can next year.'

'What's that?'

'Beat the record for going around the world — a race against time.'

'A-la-Phileas Fogg, eh?' Evans smiled. 'That's not a bad idea and your experience should have equipped you to do it. What's the record now?'

'Thirty-five days, twenty-one hours and thirty-five minutes,' Wells answered. 'Nobody's attempted to break it since 1913, and by using airplanes it seems to me any one could do it.'

'But how could you cash in on it?'

'Oh, newspaper and magazine stories, books, motion pictures, and later on, lectures.'

'Not a bad idea,' Evans admitted, and the conversation drifted into other channels.

Later, during dinner, Evans said:

'Do you know, the more I think about that world-race stunt, the better I like it. I wouldn't mind trying it myself.' There was a glint in his eye which Wells appreciated and liked, knowing that Evans, by previous exploits, had proved himself an intrepid adventurer. Therefore he said:

'Why not? We could do it together and knock seven or eight days off the record without difficulty, even though travel conditions are in pretty much of a mess. And think of the kick we'd get out of doing it.'

'Hanging up a record is all right and I don't object to getting the "kick" you mention,' Evans admitted. 'But more than that could be accomplished. The deplorable condition of commercial aviation development in this country has gotten under my skin. You said we could use airplanes and break the record easily. That's true enough, and we can make use of commercial planes throughout Europe and in Russia as far as Moscow. But what about this country?'

'Special planes,' Wells replied.

'Exactly!' Evans exclaimed. 'Until the past month or so any one desiring to make a flight between almost any two big cities in this country — the birthplace and home of aviation — found it necessary to charter a special airplane at an excessively high price. And even now, some of the new air-mail feeder lines are not equipped to fly passengers. Why, there ought to be a safe and profitable transcontinental commercial air route operating in this country daily!'

'I agree with you,' Wells said. 'But you can't seem to get the fear of flying out of the heart of the average man. But what has this got to do with a world race?'

'Just this: A trip of this sort will naturally attract attention. If it were made, and a worth-while record established, airplanes must necessarily have been used through Europe and Russia and probably in Asia. Also across this country. I've got quite a bit of money invested in several aircraft companies; I believe in the future of the airplane; and I'm in the business to stay; but there's a lot I don't know about it. I see an opportunity in a race of this sort to improve my knowledge and at the same time arouse interest in the safety and possibilities of a commercial air-transport system in this country —

one which will be superior to that now in operation throughout Europe. You're a flyer — can't you see it?'

'Absolutely!' Wells agreed with enthusiasm. 'Frankly, I'd never considered it from that angle.'

'Well, I haven't any plans for a vacation next summer, so maybe we can do this. Anyway, go ahead and see how the thing can be worked out.'

And being what they are, the subject was dismissed from their minds, and they devoted the rest of the evening to whole-hearted enjoyment of a musical comedy.

Who are these men who so casually discuss the possibilities of annihilating space and time in order to circumnavigate the globe in a shorter period than man has ever done it, simply to justify their faith in their convictions and, incidentally, experience a 'thrill'? Perhaps a brief word-picture would not be out of place.

Edward S. Evans is a conservative Detroit business man whose history is more fascinating than fiction.

In Richmond eleven years ago he was a business failure and broke, due to reverses caused by the war, and the doctors had passed a death sentence on him. He refused to die, regained his health, became the head of a new profession — that of load-

ing engineer — and succeeded in rebuilding a greater fortune.

To-day he is actively engaged in a dozen enterprises. He is head of E. S. Evans & Company, of Detroit, the country's foremost loading and shipping engineers, owning lumber mills and forests in seven States and Canada; he is president of the Evans Corporation, one of the country's most reliable bond and investment houses; vice-president of Austin F. Bement Incorporated, of Detroit, one of the Nation's leading advertising agencies; secretary and treasurer of the Commerce Motor Truck Company; a stockholder and director in several aircraft manufacturing companies.

But not only as a business man is Evans well known. His pathfinding efforts, in America and Canada, as a director of the Lincoln Highway Association, have brought him national prominence as an intrepid adventurer. For years he and his friend, Austin F. Bement, have left the beaten track each summer and made for adventure over unexplored territory, in the interest of good roads. In 1924, for instance, they were awarded gold medals by the Canadian Government for having taken the first automobile under its own power from Winnipeg to Victoria. The consequence of this feat was to draw attention to the tremendous

possibilities of opening a road through Fraser Canyon. Such a road was built at enormous expense and opened in September, 1926.

Although in his middle forties, Evans has never ignored the spirit which prompted him to devote a year to punching cattle on a Colorado ranch before he was twenty; nor to the urge which sent him to sea several years later and gave him the thrill of being one of the survivors of a sailing ship which nearly foundered during a hurricane off the Atlantic seaboard. He is a Fellow of the American Geographic Society and, in faith, a fitting comrade for that little group which form the Adventurers' Club of Chicago, of which he and Wells are members.

And as for Wells: Although only in his early thirties, he has been prying into odd corners of the world for more than a decade, his vocation being that of newspaper correspondent; his avocation itinerant adventuring — in short, something of a soldier of fortune. Being somewhat of a philosopher, he has never been averse to turning his hand at most anything. He has sailed before the mast, dabbled in several revolutions, been an engineer on a construction project in the South Seas, taken an active interest in flying, 'covered' for various newspaper syndicates some of the biggest stories of the decade — in fact, tasted of almost everything

which came his way and appeared to be seasoned with the paprika which adds zest to the Food of Life.

The year before his conversation with Evans, to account for his more recent activities, he had been thrust into the limelight and accredited the first aerial stowaway, the story being that he had violated Army Air Service orders and secreted himself in Lieutenant Leigh Wade's plane, the Boston, during the United States Army Air Service flight around the world, which he had been assigned to 'cover' for the Associated Press. Being discovered at Allahabad, in the interior of India, he was subsequently carried along as a passenger to Kirachi, where explicit orders from the Chief of the Army Air Service resulted in his dropping out of the flight.

He was next heard from in Egypt, during the Sudan riots, and later appeared in London in time to accept an assignment to accompany the Prince of Wales during his visit to America. The following summer he and Lieutenant Wade drove a Packard Straight Eight from Los Angeles to New York City in the record-breaking time of 165 hours and 50 minutes, without once stopping a wheel or the motor, thus completing the first actual transcontinental non-stop automobile drive.

And at the time he and Evans were in New York he was debating the possibilities of wandering afield again in search of excitement.

No novices, therefore, were these two who were planning to draw in the waist-line of the world.

There are those who will dispute the assertion that it is worth the effort and expenditure of money to establish such an ephemeral thing as a record for encircling the world; who will deplore the fact that the time thus spent could not have been diverted into worthier channels. But, as seen by the conversation recorded between the two men, there was more behind the idea than simply breaking a record. They wanted, first of all, to justify their faith in the airplane as a reliable carrier; secondly, they were to engage in a sporting effort worthy of any red-blooded man's consideration, filled with thrills, and with the odds against success; and to Wells it was also the realization of an ambition.

Records are made to be broken. When any record is established, no matter for what, it stands as an incentive to man to strive to better it. And whether successful or otherwise, in making the effort man has infinitesimally assisted civilization along the rocky road of Progress.

Evans and Wells felt — and feel — that way about it, at any rate.

CHAPTER III

On the face of things, a record-breaking race around the world against time appears to be a comparatively simple matter.

If one has the money, one takes the fastest steamers, connects on schedule at previously designated points with trains, airplanes, automobiles, other steamers and what not, and within an amazingly short space of time arrives back at one's starting-point.

Such, however, is not the case. Were it true, Wells would have saved himself endless work and worry, interminable miles of travel, and thousands of dollars.

Having been directed by Evans to investigate and report on the possibility of materially lowering Mears's record, the reporter set to work.

Providing himself with schedules of every steamship line operating fast ships across the Atlantic and Pacific; of lines running ships between Japanese and Russian ports; of the Imperial Japanese, Chosen, South Manchuria, Trans-Siberian and European railways; of air routes throughout Europe; and an armload of other useful — and useless — informa-

tion, he secluded himself in his apartment and for a month was lost in a maze of figures.

Having traveled countless miles in almost every country on the face of the globe, time-tables held no terrors for him. But it was with mingled feelings of amazement and disgust that he soon realized the difficulties of coördinating steamship, air and rail schedules. It seemed to him that a worse mix-up could not result were all the schedules in the world thrown into a grab-bag and the times of arrival and departure of steamers, airplanes and trains drawn out without regard for the individual anxious to make even reasonably quick connections.

The direction of the race was of prime importance, but still, that depended solely upon how connections could best be made.

Except for Magellan's voyage, every trip of this sort, including Mr. Fogg's, had been made in an easterly direction, but Wells was inclined, at the outset, to chase the sun to the west.

Having traversed the route several times he felt that the chances of making a trans-Pacific connection in Asia were infinitely slimmer than of making a worth-while trans-Atlantic connection at some port in Europe. Only two steamship lines — the Canadian Pacific and the Admiral-Oriental — operate fast ships between Japan and Victoria,

which is the shortest stretch across the Pacific. The Canadian Pacific operates regularly a two-weekly service, while the Admiral-Oriental Line had a ten-day service. Wells realized that if by some fortuitous circumstance he and Evans failed to connect at Yokohama with the vessel selected, the race was irretrievably lost, for ten days might elapse before another steamer would sail. But, on the other hand, should they lose out at Cherbourg another, if slower, steamer could be caught at some port in Europe for the trans-Atlantic passage and probably not more than a day or two be lost.

Then, too, there was the added advantage of a longer day if a westerly course were pursued and any great amount of flying were to be done; but counteracting this was the irrefutable fact that, in general, the wind blows from a westerly direction, which would be an advantage to any one flying eastward.

Still again there was that vital connection with the Trans-Siberian Railway, either at Vladivostok or Harbin westbound, or at Moscow eastbound.

Prior to the war the Trans-Siberian Railway operated over its 6000 miles of well-constructed roadbed fairly well on schedule. But between 1914 and 1924 service was suspended, except for troop trains, and international passenger traffic was only partially

resumed two years ago. The Soviet Government was confronted with a serious problem, for the roadbed had been allowed to deteriorate, bridges had been destroyed by various warring factions, and the rolling stock was in a distressing state of disrepair. A serious effort to improve conditions was exerted, and by 1925 trains were being operated pretty well on time, but on a slower schedule than the pre-war one. Wells therefore realized that while he and Evans had an advantage over Mears in the form of airplanes, there was the disadvantage of the more or less unsettled conditions in Soviet Russia and of a slower railway schedule.

The Trans-Siberian Railway schedules in Wells's possession indicated that two trains were operated weekly between Vladivostok and Moscow, and vice versa. One ran over the so-called Amur Railway, connecting at Chita with the main line and requiring four days longer than the more direct route through Manchuria, the Chinese Eastern Railway being the connecting link between Pogranitschnaya, Siberia, and Manchou-li, Manchuria, which is on the Russo-Chinese frontier. Naturally, this route was preferable, regardless of direction.

If a westerly course were followed, Wells discovered, it would be necessary for him and Evans to arrive at Vladivostok, Siberia, prior to midnight

of a Saturday, or at Harbin, Manchuria, before seven o'clock any Monday morning. This meant arriving at Yokohama, Japan, on a Thursday and making instantaneous train and steamer connections for Vladivostok or proceeding by train through Japan to Shimonoseki, thence across the Japan Sea to Fusan, Korea, and from there to Harbin, via Seoul, Mukden, and Changchun, over the Chosen, South Manchuria and Chinese Eastern Railways.

If the pair were to go eastward then it was essential they should arrive at Moscow in time to connect with a train leaving at 6.50 P.M., Saturdays. This plan was given favorable consideration, for fast steamers leave New York on Saturdays, arrive in Europe Friday mornings, and by flying, Moscow could be reached by six o'clock Saturday evening, barring mishaps.

Nevertheless, Wells was still inclined to go westward. But how presented a problem, for the only steamship line operating between Japan and Vladivostok was the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, from Tsuruga, on the west coast, and its steamers invariably, for some unknown reason, failed to make connections by five days. There was the alternative of going via Korea, but in this there was a risk, and added traveling time was required.

The newspaper man finally decided that if he and

Evans could be transferred to another steamer off Cape Erimo, on the southeast coast of the Island of Hokkaido, most northern of the Japanese archipelago, they would save a day and a half, if not more time, by cutting through the Straits of Tsuruga and making a direct trip of 525 miles to Vladivostok. This would eliminate traveling southward to Yokohama, crossing the island by train and connecting with a slow steamer for the northwesterly journey to Vladivostok. This could be arranged by having the trans-Pacific steamer on which they traveled go slightly out of its course and make contact with another vessel off Cape Erimo. Wells was hopeful that the Japanese Government would take sufficient interest in the trip to place a destroyer, or possibly a seaplane, at his and Evans's disposal to cover the intervening distance. If this failed, a fast steamer could be chartered from a private company.

Canadian Pacific and Admiral-Oriental officials were approached with a proposal: Would they interest themselves in the trip to the extent of driving whichever vessel the racers ultimately selected and, going slightly off the course, drop them near Cape Erimo? Both companies instantly agreed to cooperate to the limit of their ability.

Wells then conferred with officials of the United States Lines, Cunard Line, French Line and White

Star Line, and met with an instantaneous response, except from the White Star Line. Officials of this line admitted they would be glad to see the globe-trotters make use of their vessels, but would not promise to do more than sail their ships on schedule and bring them into port in the same manner, 'conditions permitting.'

In so far as European air routes were concerned, a daily schedule was in effect between certain cities. A number of lines, notably the Berlin–Moscow, had suspended operations during the winter season, but would resume service early in May. There was a distinct possibility that a fifteen-hour direct service would be inaugurated between Berlin and Moscow and vice versa, which would be of infinite benefit to the travelers, for the time between these two cities would be reduced by some nine or ten hours and better connections made possible.

Having lived, eaten and slept with and dreamed of time-tables for a month, Wells emerged from his seclusion to announce and show that he had worked out twenty-two different schedules by which he and Evans could leave New York City between May 9 and August 4 and break Mears's record by from one week to one day, with one possibility of lowering it by nine days.

Ensued protracted discussions in Detroit and

New York. Evans and Wells together studied the various schedules worked out, and in the end Evans professed belief that the record could be lowered and decided to participate in the adventure.

It was realized at the outset that if a worth-while record were to be established — one which reasonably might be expected to endure for a few years — certain requisites were essential. First, an accurate knowledge of present-day travel conditions, particularly in Russia and Siberia; secondly, a schedule which would enable the racers to make almost instantaneous connections with the fastest conveyances; thirdly, an infallible organization which would enable them to meet any emergency; fourthly, money. The question of endurance never was taken into consideration, for both men felt they possessed it — and in the end they needed it.

An agreement regarding the financial end of the race was reached between Evans and Wells and it was decided that not more than $25,000 should be expended.

Then came the questions of accurate knowledge of present-day travel conditions and the building up of an organization.

The machinery of travel already existed and Wells was an experienced traveler who understood it thoroughly. But there was the human equation

which could not be ignored, and that meant backing up motor power by a fine coördination of human agencies. The secret of most successes lies in an organization of many imponderables, and to create an organization prepared to combat any contingency which might arise was, both men realized, of prime importance.

Steamship schedules were regarded as fairly dependable; to-day one can travel across the Atlantic almost at express-train speed and feel reasonably certain of arriving on time. To a lesser degree this is true of trans-Pacific travel.

While airplanes operate daily throughout Europe, there is ever present the possibility of a forced landing which might delay hurried travelers to such an extent that they would miss an important connection at the next point. And foreign trains, with few exceptions, seldom reach their destinations on schedule.

Were one indifferent to the question of time, the failure to make a connection previously decided upon would be of small moment. But in any effort to encircle the globe in the shortest possible time an extraordinary adjustment of time-tables, permitting virtually no deviation, is absolutely necessary.

When one has finally worked out a schedule, employing the fastest conveyances and reducing the

delays allowed for connections to the irreducible minimum, and carried it out successfully, the element of luck has been almost entirely responsible for the result achieved. But luck is the most unreliable of factors in this 'sorry scheme of things,' and the modern Phileas Foggs realized that were success to reward their efforts, they not only had to foresee the foreseeable, and allow for that which could not be predicted, but they had to harness the spirit of organization.

It was therefore decided that Wells should go abroad and devote four months to a careful study of the route he and Evans were to take and create an infallible organization which would withstand all onslaughts of Dame Fortune and her cohorts.

CHAPTER IV

Assistance of the governments of the countries through which the race was to be made was of vital importance. Particularly was this true of Soviet Russia.

Diplomatic relations have never been opened between the United States and the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics — or the U.S.S.R., as the erstwhile Russian Empire is known to-day. It is therefore extremely difficult for an American to obtain a visa to enter that country. It is equally difficult for a Russian to obtain a visa to enter the United States, unless as an immigrant. The average citizen is probably unaware of the fact that, despite the absence of diplomatic relations between the two countries, Russia was not excluded under the provisions of the last immigration bill and approximately 5000 Russian immigrants enter this country every year.

Wells was of the opinion that Soviet Russia would prove difficult, until interest was aroused in the trip, when every possible coöperation would be extended. Subsequent developments substantiated this belief. But in November, when it was finally decided to attempt to lower the record, there was

no assurance that Wells would be allowed to visit Moscow again in order to interest the government, or that he and Evans would be permitted to cross the country during the race.

Junius B. Wood, Moscow correspondent of the 'Chicago Daily News' and a friend of Wells's, was in Moscow and on November 16 Wells sent him the following cable:

'Please query government if it will permit me and another to cross Russia by train from Vladivostok next June for purpose of breaking circumnavigation globe record. If reply is favorable will leave for Moscow in January to complete arrangements.'

Several days later a cable reply was received from Wood stating that he was sending information by mail. Early in December the letter arrived. In effect, Wood said that he had approached the Narkomindel, or Foreign Office, and submitted the inquiry, and after replying to countless questions had been instructed to inform Wells that, upon receipt of the regular application, the question of granting a visa would be decided. Privately, Wood expressed the opinion that no difficulty would be experienced in securing the visa and that it was only a question of time. He suggested that Wells communicate with Mr. Boris E. Skvirsky, repre-

senting a Soviet Economic Bureau in Washington, and from him secure the necessary application form. As there are no Soviet diplomatic officers in the United States the visa, when granted, would have to be secured either at some Soviet embassy abroad or from the Soviet Trade Representative in Montreal.

Wells immediately left for Washington and devoted ten days to the securing of visas from representatives of the other countries through which he and Evans might have to travel.

The Soviet representative, Mr. Skvirsky, he found to be an affable gentleman who expressed delight over being able to assist a friend of Mr. Wood and promised to write a letter to the Narkomindel. Application blanks were supplied, properly filled in and promptly dispatched, in duplicate, to Moscow, with an urgent request that authorization for the visa be telegraphed as soon as possible to the Soviet Embassy at Berlin. While Wells did not expect to reach the German capital until early in February, he considered this a wise precaution, knowing the average Russian's complete disregard for time.

Having replied to all the questions listed, Wells felt somewhat exhausted, but confident he would be permitted again to enter the sacred confines of the

WELLS BEFORE THE BRANDENBURG THOR, UNTER DEN LINDEN
BERLIN

U.S.S.R., even though he is a citizen of this 'detestable capitalistic and imperialistic nation,' and therefore an 'avowed enemy of the Government of the Working Man and of the Peasant.'

The remainder of the ten days was devoted to visits to various embassies and legations. There was an instantaneous and gratifying interest displayed at the legations of Holland, Lithuania, Latvia, Poland, Hungary, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia, although some of the countries probably would not be touched. Letters of introduction to officials and in several instances to customs authorities were readily forthcoming. Germany was more gracious than any other, full diplomatic privileges, thus eliminating the annoyance of customs formalities, were instantly granted.

Several nations generously refused to accept the customary ten-dollar charge for a visa.

France and England supplied letters of introduction to their respective foreign offices. Belgium and China flatly refused assistance of any description, present or potential. This was readily understandable in the case of China, for the harassed secretary with whom Wells talked didn't appear to know whether he still was a representative of the Peking Government which had appointed him.

During this visit to Washington Wells was re-

ceived by the Secretary of State and during a half-hour's conversation Mr. Kellogg evinced keen interest in the trip and assured the newspaper man that the diplomatic and consular representatives in all sections of the world could be relied upon to render whatever assistance possible, consistent with the execution of their official duties. He supplied the reporter with a letter which read as follows:

To the American Diplomatic and Consular Officers:
SIRS:

I take great pleasure in introducing to you Mr. Linton Wells of New York City, who is about to proceed abroad.

I cordially bespeak for Mr. Wells such courtesies and assistance as you may be able to render, consistently with your official duties.

I am, Sirs

Your obedient servant

FRANK B. KELLOGG

Evans received a similar letter.

An interview was arranged with Mr. Herbert Hoover, but the Secretary of Commerce was called away from Washington before the meeting could take place. However, Mr. Julius Klein, Director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, provided Wells with the following letter:

To the Commercial Attachés and Trade Commissioners of the Department of Commerce:

GENTLEMEN:

This will introduce to you Mr. Linton Wells, who is traveling around the world. . . . It will be appreciated if you will extend to Mr. Wells any facilities and courtesies consistent with your official duties.

Sincerely yours

JULIUS KLEIN

Both these letters proved invaluable to Evans and Wells. Wherever Wells presented them during his preliminary trip he was received with the utmost courtesy and accorded all assistance requested, the effect of which was felt subsequently during the race. He and Evans declare they cannot praise too highly the able diplomatic and consular officers and trade representatives who are performing such excellent work for the United States Government abroad.

The problem of visas settled, and armed with credentials in the form of strong letters of introduction, Wells returned to New York and prepared to sail on the French liner Paris January 16.

CHAPTER V

When Wells departed for Europe aboard the Paris, he was accompanied by the twenty-year-old son of his associate in the impending world race, Edward S. Evans, Jr. His father had taken him from the University of Michigan to give him an opportunity to wander around the world for a few months — permitting him to eat his 'dessert' before he finished his 'meal' at the university.

There was a more interesting and enjoyable crowd than usual aboard the Paris, and it was with feelings of regret that Wells and his young fellow-traveler turned their backs on the pleasures of shipboard life and boarded the tender which was to carry them into the quay at Plymouth. Every one of the little group of passengers London-bound felt somewhat depressed, for nothing is so disagreeable as a trip in a boat which insists upon gymnastic exercises in a choppy sea on a cold, rainy January night. This is a true picture of the half-hour's journey from the Paris to the point where the illustrious forbears of some of America's most distinguished citizens started on the memorable voyage which was to end on New England's rocky shores, something more than three hundred years ago.

The usual bribes for exclusive seats in the special boat-train were tendered and accepted, and in due time the travelers were disarranging their effects for the edification of English customs inspectors. And right there Wells, who should have known better, began to experience difficulties.

Before leaving New York, Wells had concluded arrangements with Emanuel Cohen, editor of the 'Pathé Newsreel,' whereby he and Evans would attempt to make a celluloid record of their effort to reduce the girth of the globe. To facilitate matters he had loaded himself down with grief in the form of a small motion-picture camera and eight thousand feet of film. This film was to be distributed at strategical points along the route so that the pair could pick it up during the race. While Wells knew that both camera and film were contraband, he had an abiding faith in the letters he carried and believed that he would be able to carry out his plans respecting them, particularly when neither camera nor film were to be disposed of in any country. But therein he erred. Customs officials at Plymouth, while admitting that his intentions might be the best in the world, nevertheless insisted on his paying an enormous duty or shipping them in bond to wherever he was going.

No one ever achieved satisfactory results arguing

with a customs officer, so Wells shipped camera and film to Paris and with young Edward boarded the boat-train to London. Saturday and Sunday were at the disposal of friends in London, who made the most of their opportunity to demonstrate English hospitality.

On Monday a formal call upon Ambassador Houghton resulted in the assistance of the American Embassy staff being assured, and later in the day a visit to the British Foreign Office produced earnest promises of coöperation in the event the race touched British territory. The following morning Wells's supply of credentials was augmented by a number of personal letters from Commander J. N. Kenworthy, M.P., to influential officials in Moscow, and the next day he and young Evans bade farewell to the Savoy and flew to Paris, using one of the Imperial Airways' comfortable Handley-Page cabin ships, in regular operation.

It was a rainy, foggy day and the air was rough, but the flight was accomplished in a little over two hours, and by five o'clock in the afternoon the travelers were comfortably installed in the recently opened Hotel California in Paris.

What Wells particularly desired from the governments of the countries through which he and Evans were to travel was, first, some sort of docu-

ments which would enable them to dispense with customs formalities; and secondly, that in an emergency the Government might render assistance, for which, of course, they were willing to pay.

It is regrettable, but true, that France, Belgium, Holland, and Japan failed to evince even the slightest interest in the enterprise.

'What does it matter?' government officials and newspaper editors asked, with an all-inclusive wave of hands. 'What will you have accomplished after going around the world in twenty-eight days, or even eight days?'

Patiently Wells explained Evans's and his interest in aviation, their desire to add impetus to its commercial development; he dwelt at some length on the principles of sportsmanship. He might, however, have saved his breath and time. To the majority the race was nothing but a waste of time and money, the last being more important than the first.

In addition to lack of interest, Wells became entangled in the governmental red tape in which most countries abroad flounder helplessly about, without hope of being extricated.

A request to the Quai D'Orsay for diplomatic privileges met with a flat refusal. Then he wasted two days in a vain endeavor to secure the release of

his camera and film from the French customs without payment of duty. He finally shipped them on to Amsterdam in bond, subsequently losing another day trying to argue sense into a Dutch customs officer's thick head, without success. The film and camera were finally released in Amsterdam after ninety-two guilders (approximately $40) had been deposited as a guarantee that it would be taken into Germany without breaking the seals.

Henry F. Welch, one of the managers of the American Express Company's Paris office, was unquestionably the most useful citizen Wells encountered in Paris, particularly with respect to getting things accomplished. Hank, as he is known by almost every American who has visited Paris and been ably served by the efficient American Express Company, put his shoulder to the wheel and things began to move. Aside from making life agreeable, he unerringly put the newspaper man in contact with the people who could render assistance while the race was in progress, and otherwise lived up to the highest traditions of his organization. He supplied an open letter to the manager of every one of the Company's offices and, in short, did just about everything except authorize free and *carte blanche* access to the bank account.

For ten days Wells worked and for ten nights he

BOARDING TRAIN AT KAUNAS, LITHUANIA

Left, Wells with Jonas Karosas, of Lithuanian Foreign Office. Right, Edward S. Evans, Jr., with Karosas

and Edward, Junior, played. They rode in the Bois and attended the Opera; they enjoyed the diversions of Montparnasse and Montmartre. There were lunches at the Ritz, the Café de Paris, and Cito's, where young Evans subsequently received a shock from which he has never fully recovered. 'How are you to-day, *Monsieur Evans*,' murmured the *maître d'hôtel* with an ingratiating smile. Truly, such recognition is worth the price of a meal at this famous rendezvous!

Dinners in quiet, restful little places tucked in obscure streets on either side of the river; places patronized by the epicure, where the harmonious surroundings are just right and perhaps the strains of a muted orchestra faintly encroach upon one's consciousness.

Then a plunge into the swirling stream of Montmartre or Montparnasse night life, and eventually to bed.

Ah, *Paris, la belle ville*—thou art incomparable!

Bruxelles, The Hague, and Amsterdam ensued. Much was attempted in the way of planning the race, but little accomplished due to the indifference of those encountered. As things turned out it mattered little, for the racers did not touch either Belgium or Holland, but at that time France and Germany had not opened the air route now in opera-

tion between Paris and Berlin direct. Then it appeared necessary to land both in Holland and Belgium.

On the evening of February 10 the pair boarded a train at Amsterdam and reached the frontier, where the seals on the camera and film were inspected, a receipt given, and the train continued on into Germany. It was about this time that Wells, who was standing in the doorway of his compartment, inquired of the porter:

'Are we in Germany now?' The porter nodded assent. 'Hoch der Kaiser!' Wells shouted at the top of his voice. The results achieved resembled an Ellison Hoover sketch. Heads popped out of doorways along the corridor and the reporter, abashed, ducked into his compartment to avoid the glares from a dozen pairs of eyes — offended, perhaps, over this exhibition of *lèse majesté*, or peeved over a supposed monarchist outburst of enthusiasm. Young Evans hasn't been able to figure out why his friend wasn't removed from the train at the next station and forced to languish for a time in the local bastille. Instead, German officials respected the diplomatic privileges extended by the German Embassy at Washington, and the following morning they left the train at the Friedrichstrasse station at Berlin and taxied to the Adlon.

Berlin, obviously, was to be a strategical point in the race. Here airplane or train connections must of necessity be made and it was necessary to have the full coöperation of every one who could possibly be of assistance.

First of all, however, Wells hastened down Unter den Linden to the imposing structure which houses the Soviet Embassy, where he had requested that his and young Evans's visas be telegraphed. After being kept waiting for more than an hour he was shown into the office of Boris Mironow, in charge of the press division of the Embassy. He explained the purpose of his visit, and after an investigation Mironow announced that authorization for the issuance of the visas had not been received from Moscow. The reporter was flabbergasted, but finally prevailed upon the Russian to dispatch a telegram of inquiry.

It was impossible to understand why the authorization had not arrived. Almost two months had elapsed since the applications had been sent to Moscow, and with Wood there and rendering assistance, there seemed to be but one explanation, and that was that the Soviet Government had decided not to allow the Americans to visit Russia. Wells immediately dispatched an urgent telegram to Wood, requesting immediate advice as to what

action had been taken. Two days later came the reply:

'Frankel [in charge of the Passport Division of the Soviet Foreign Office] telegraphing authorizations four o'clock. Possibly available five. Reserve via Riga.'

This message was received on the afternoon of February 13, but the authorization did not arrive until the late afternoon of the 16th, and then only after two more urgent telegrams had been dispatched to Moscow. Truly, time means nothing to a Russian!

An enlightening incident illustrating the Soviet viewpoint occurred after Wells had had his and Evans's passports properly stamped. He paid another visit to Mironow's office and thanked him for his assistance in securing the visas.

'I hope,' Mironow replied, 'that when I desire to visit America I shall be able to get my visas as quickly and as easily.'

Remembering the two months which had elapsed since he filed his application, Wells ignored the reference to speed, and said:

'In a few more years perhaps there will be no necessity for visas from either country.'

'Oh, so you think there'll be a Soviet Government in Washington by that time, do you?' Mironow asked with a smile.

The audacity of the thing almost floored the reporter, but he managed to say: 'No; but perhaps there'll be a different government in Moscow.'

The smile froze on Mironow's features, he and Wells bowed formally to each other, and a minute later the newspaper man was in the Unter den Linden, and saying to himself over and over again:

'Well, I'll be damned!'

Extreme? Not a bit. It is simply illustrative of the doctrines which these self-delegated apostles have deluded themselves into believing will mean the salvation of the world.

The remainder of that first day in Berlin Wells devoted to visits to the Wilhelmstrasse, in which is located the German Foreign Office. The able Dr. Kiep, director of the Government press bureau, was absent, so the newspaper man took his requests to Dr. R. V. Drechsler, in charge of the American division of the Bureau, where he was cordially received, and assured the whole-hearted cooperation of the German Government.

In Berlin are the headquarters of that extensive and efficiently operated German commercial flying organization known as the Deutsche Luft Hansa. Wells soon got in touch with its able director, Dr. Otto Merkel, and requested the cooperation of his company, which was readily and enthusiastically assured.

At that time negotiations were in progress between the Deutsche Luft Hansa, the Deutsch-Russische Luftverkehrs-Gesellschaft, or 'Deruluft,' as this Russo-German flying concern is better known, and the Soviet Government for extension of the company's activities eastward to Peking. It was planned to survey the route during the late spring of 1926 and, if possible, to inaugurate a weekly service during the summer. This ambitious plan fitted perfectly into the world-race scheme, and Dr. Merkel assured Wells that if the impending agreement with the Soviet Government were concluded successfully Luft Hansa would be more than glad to open its service by carrying the racers to Peking. A tentative schedule had been worked out and it was believed possible to negotiate the tremendous distance between London and Peking in six days. While there was nothing definite about the plan, there was a distinct possibility it might be carried to a successful conclusion. Unfortunately the scheme was postponed for a year.

It was in Berlin, too, that Wells made the acquaintance of the Moscow head of Deruluft — Dr. Adolf Davidoff, unquestionably the ablest Russian business man he had ever encountered and who was, subsequently, to render invaluable assistance to the world racers. And these conversa-

tions with these far-sighted business men clearly proved to the newspaper man that the business of commercial flying was being taken seriously, that however visionary their ambitious plans might appear to the uninformed, successful performance in air-route operation was giving them the courage to risk their money, equipment and lives in what ultimately will mean the linking of Europe and Asia by an efficient and lucrative line across Russia to China and Japan.

While in the German capital, Wells and Edward, Junior, were cordially received by the American Ambassador, Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, and entertained by the then Counsellor of the Embassy, Jefferson Caffery, unquestionably one of the most brilliant men in the diplomatic service who has since been elevated to a ministerial post and is ably representing the United States Government in San Salvador. Caffery and Wells had together gone through the trying post-earthquake period in Japan and become firm friends.

Having concluded all arrangements possible at that time and tasted of the pleasures of Berlin, the pair boarded a train for Kaunas, Lithuania, on the evening of February 17. It might be mentioned that foreigners desiring to visit Russia cannot, as they may do elsewhere, walk up to a ticket win-

dow and purchase their transportation. All tickets must be secured through a Russo-German company known as Derutra. Even the tourist agencies must apply to this organization, which, in Berlin, is represented by the Hamburg-American Line, presided over by Captain Henning von Meibom, beloved of thousands of trans-Atlantic passengers who traveled in German ships prior to the war. By simply informing Captain von Meibom that he and young Evans wanted through tickets to Changchun, Manchuria, the southeastern terminus of the Chinese Eastern Railway, via Kaunas, Lithuania, Riga, Latvia, and Moscow, leaving the Russian capital on February 27, the tickets were prepared by Mr. Paul Blum, necessary reservations telegraphed for, and in all other respects arrangements made which would allow the pair to travel with a minimum amount of annoyance.

From Berlin to Kaunas, which is the temporary capital of Lithuania, Wells and young Edward crossed the Polish Corridor which separates Germany from East Prussia, touched at Königsberg, and shortly before noon, February 18, found themselves standing on the platform in front of an unpainted railway station at Kaunas, gazing disconsolately after their train, disappearing around a curve to the north.

LAKE BAIKAL IN WINTER FROM THE TRAIN

CHAPTER VI

Americans probably know as little about Lithuania as they do about Afghanistan. And yet, the history of this little nation is more fascinating than fiction. Too, it should hold a particular interest for Americans, for more than one million Lithuanians — about thirty-five per cent of the population of Lithuania — are hard-working residents of the United States.

There is a homely Southern expression which seems to describe the Lithuania of to-day:

'Poorer than church mice,' was the way young Edward aptly described the situation after a day in Kaunas. And it is a pity, for these kindly, hospitable people are hard-working, honest, and sincere. Theirs is wholly an agricultural country and still bears the scars of war and army occupation.

When Wells and Edward, Junior, emerged from the station at Kaunas, the first thing to greet their gaze was a lone Ford touring car, the owner of which vied with the drosky drivers for the privilege of transporting the travelers to the Hotel Metropole. He spoke a limited amount of English and got the job.

'Golly, Lint! but this makes me feel at home,'

shouted Edward, as he clung tenaciously to the top supports.

'What — these cobble-stones or the mud?' Wells bellowed, as the Ford ploughed through mud up to its hubs and careened drunkenly over carelessly laid cobblestones.

'No; the Ford and this fellow speaking English,' young Evans roared, making himself heard above the rattle of the car and the groan of the motor.

'You're easily pleased,' his friend muttered, holding his breath as the driver narrowly averted a head-on collision with a horse-drawn street car.

After ten minutes of this the Ford drew up before a structure which bore the name, 'Hotel Metropole.' Business was good that day, apparently, for no rooms were then available. The pair immediately adjourned around the corner to the Lithuanian Foreign Office, where they were heartily welcomed by Dr. B. K. Balutis, head of the Political Department of the Government, and extended the freedom of the country.

The remainder of the day was devoted to interesting discussion about Lithuania and America. Dr. Balutis had lived for a decade in Chicago, publishing a paper in the Lithuanian language, and had abandoned this lucrative occupation and his American citizenship to return to his native country to

assist in its development when it had gained its independence. He and Mr. Jonas Karosas, a member of the Foreign Office staff, to whom had been delegated the duty of providing for the welfare and enjoyment of the Americans, abandoned their official duties entirely and devoted themselves to the task of enlightening the travelers about present-day conditions in Lithuania.

Wells and young Evans were guests of the Government at a luncheon, and late in the afternoon, after a tour of the city, called on H. E. Carlson, the American Consul. An invitation to dinner was extended and accepted, and later in the evening the pair played bridge with the consul and his charming wife.

Here in Kaunas the possibilities of radio were keenly impressed upon the Americans. The Carlsons possess the only radio in Kaunas — a small crystal set — and toward midnight they tuned in on various stations and to the visitors' amazement, during the course of an hour they distinctly heard concerts being played in Manchester, England, Copenhagen, Denmark, Paris, and other distant Continental cities.

It might be mentioned here that the standard of Lithuanian currency is the 'lit,' having a par value of ten cents. It is interesting to note that since the

issuance of this currency it has never dropped below par. Both Wells and his companion were amazed to find, upon making a purchase in a shop, that American money was given to them in change. Inquiry elicited the information that the American dollar is accepted — in fact, welcomed — everywhere, one dollar being equal to ten lits, and that probably there is as much American as Lithuanian money in the country. This is the result of millions of dollars being sent to the home country each month by Lithuanians in the United States.

Young Evans received a shock the morning the pair were to depart for Riga, Latvia. The Lithuanian Legation at Washington had previously informed its Government of the impending arrival of the Americans. It was apparently reported that Evans, Senior, was a multimillionaire.

During a conversation with Karosas regarding the political situation of the country, Wells expressed the opinion that while a republican form of government unquestionably was ideal, a constitutional monarchy might better serve Lithuania. The discussion then rounded to the amount of Lithuanian currency in circulation. The sum was six million dollars, Karosas asserted, backed by an adequate gold reserve.

'But do you know,' he said, and Wells still main-

tains there was more truth than jest in his statement, 'if some one like young Mr. Evans here were to deposit ten million dollars in the Bank of Lithuania, the Taryba (Lithuanian National Council) would elect him King of Lithuania.'

'There's your opportunity, Edward,' Wells laughed. 'King Edward the First of Lithuania! Long live the King!'

'Bunk!' young Evans ejaculated, but there was a reflective look in his eye.

Wells promised to place the suggestion before Evans, Senior, which he did, but the latter failed to evince any particular enthusiasm over the prospect of buying a kingship for his son. Perhaps because no provision was made for Edward, Junior's, twin brother, Robert.

Kaunas was on the air route between Moscow and Berlin, where assistance might be required, and having enlisted the aid of the American Consul, who was to represent the race at that point, and been promised the coöperation of the Lithuanian Government, Wells and Edward, Junior, accepted a document extending diplomatic privileges, and boarded a train for the nine-hour journey to Riga.

Latvia is another country which has the late President Wilson to thank for its present independent state. Riga is a thriving city on the Baltic,

and the point known by a majority of travelers going into or coming out of Russia. Until recently the preferable route to Moscow was through Riga, although the journey via Warsaw is much shorter, but not so satisfactory. Wells and Evans arrived at the Latvian capital on the evening of February 19, and during the ensuing twenty-four hours, although the temperature registered twenty degrees below zero, thoroughly enjoyed themselves. At midnight, February 20, they boarded a train for Moscow.

There was a time in Russian history when the country was rotten to the core with graft. From the highest to the lowest official there was only one thing that would arouse interest, and that was money. One could bribe one's way in every direction. But to-day that condition is as extinct as the dodo. It is reported that in certain quarters one can secure what one desires by the judicious distribution of 'gifts,' and while the writer has been so informed by a number of persons who claim to have found this method efficacious, he has no real knowledge on the subject. Even tipping for minor services rendered is deplored in the Soviet Russia of to-day, as illustrated by the fact that even at frontier stations where porters are on hand to remove one's baggage for inspection and restore it to the owner's

coupé, a standard charge is made and a receipt given in payment.

At Sebesh, where Wells and young Evans went through Soviet customs inspection, they were treated with the utmost courtesy and subjected to little annoyance. Other foreigners were similarly treated, but the baggage belonging to Russians was, in every instance, completely unpacked. Every article which savored of having been purchased abroad was laid to one side and eventually weighed or measured, evaluated, and a heavy duty assessed. Wells declared the camera and film, which he had blasphemed all the way across Europe, and was forced to relinquish possession of them. The taking of pictures in Russia without permission is a serious offense and even after permission has been granted the negatives must be turned over to the Government to be censored. The camera and film were therefore placed in bond and remained there until Manchuria was reached.

When their baggage had been removed from the inspection room, Wells walked over to the inspecting officer and thrust out his hand. It contained a five-ruble note, worth (in Russia) $2.60, and in tendering it the reporter simply desired to express his appreciation for the courteous manner in which he and Evans had been treated. The official

thought the American desired to shake hands and extended his hand. When he felt the bill in Wells's palm he pulled away as though he had touched a hot coal, and drawing himself up, said with great dignity:

'This is Russia, not England or America!'

Wells smiled, shrugged, and boarded the train, but to him it was indicative of the desire of the Russian to live up to the new equality which has been thrust upon him.

The twenty-hour trip from Sebesh to Moscow was a tiresome one at best, but made more so by the absence of a restaurant car which had failed to materialize at the frontier. It was with a feeling of relief, therefore, that the two men left the train at Moscow and taxied through the snow-covered streets of this still beautiful city to the Hotel Bolshaya Moscowskaya, where they were to meet Junius B. Wood.

The interesting, if at times annoying, pastime of negotiating with the Soviet Government was about to begin.

A ROAD IN KOREA

A KOREAN VILLAGE

CHAPTER VII

Wells had reserved tickets for himself and young Evans on the Trans-Siberian train leaving Moscow at 6.50 P.M., February 27. They arrived in Moscow at 7.00 A.M., February 22, and there were six days available in which to arouse an interest in the impending world race and to secure the necessary co-operation of the Soviet Government, without which it would be useless to make the attempt.

It was a hungry pair of men who descended upon the Hotel Bolshaya Moscowskaya and climbed five flights of stairs to the two rooms being occupied by the 'Chicago Daily News' correspondent and his wife.

Junius B. Wood is probably one of the ablest American correspondents who ever left his native soil for the uncertainties of gathering news abroad. Although every one knew Wood was a good reporter, they didn't proclaim the fact to the world until the Chicagoan was assigned to 'cover' the World War when America decided to participate in it.

When Junius arrived in Europe he found an army of correspondents pounding industriously away on their typewriters and using every adjective in the

thesaurus to describe the glories of war and the impressiveness of battle, as viewed from a distant hill through binoculars. Such stories had their place in the journalistic world, but Wood had an idea that the folks back in the Corn Belt who read the 'Chicago Daily News' were more particularly interested in stories which concerned their sons, sweethearts, and 'pals' who had bravely set out to make the world safe for France and the Democrats.

He therefore left the luridly descriptive battle stories to his more imaginative colleagues and devoted his time to articles telling what the home boys were doing and how they were getting along. Wood alone knows how indefatigably he worked during those trying months. He attached himself to the soldiers who had come from his part of the world and each day his dispatches contained as complete a list of the dead, the dying, and the wounded as he was capable of compiling. Soon hundreds of frantic parents, sweethearts, and friends were calling upon him for information about some loved one from whom nothing had been heard. Tired though he might be, Wood never failed to obtain and relay back all information he could gather about the person in question, and the Corn Belt did not fail to express its appreciation of the service he rendered.

After the war Wood was given more or less a roving commission and for five years was a wanderer on the face of the globe. He and Wells had been together in the Far East in 1920. His fame grew, and in 1925 he was again sent to Europe and later to Russia to investigate and report on conditions.

A peculiar and lovable character, Wood. Distressingly blunt at times, he is nevertheless respected by his enemies and loved by his friends. His personal appearance is the least of his worries; his corncob pipe his greatest. Without the latter he wouldn't be Junius B. Wood. With an unconcern glorious to behold, Wood has introduced it to kings, princes, and statesmen; palaces and banquet halls still hold traces of its odoriferous exhalations.

Wood greeted his visitors warmly when they arrived, said he thought they were coming on a later train, apologized for not having been at the station, and promptly ordered breakfast. Then, with characteristic abruptness, he told Wells what he had already done, whom the reporter should see and when, and expressed the opinion that little could be done during the six days at their command.

'Lay your proposals before them,' Wood advised. 'Go on out to Japan and by the time you get back

they'll have thought it all over and be ready to talk turkey.' This was good advice, as subsequent developments proved.

Hotel accommodations are limited in Moscow, all hostelries being operated by the Government, and those in whom the Government are interested get preferential treatment. Wood managed to secure a room for the two Americans in the Bolshaya Moscowskaya, and after breakfast they set out for the Narkomindel, or Foreign Office.

'I'll introduce you to Schubin,' Wood said to Wells. 'He's second in charge of the Press Bureau. Tell him what you want for a starter. You won't get it, but he'll probably put you in touch with those who will eventually give it to you.'

What Wells felt that he and Evans needed to enable them to cross Russia and Siberia with the minimum amount of delay was, first, at least quasi-diplomatic privileges; secondly, an assurance from the Commissar for Transport that, in the event of delay along the Trans-Siberian, special trains would be available to get them through to the next point in time to make scheduled connections; thirdly, the necessary visas; fourthly, permission to carry their cameras and to take pictures without having to turn them over to the censor; and fifthly, a general assurance that the Government would interest

itself in the race to the extent of coöperating in at least a slight degree.

Wells found Schubin to be an agreeable Russian Jew who had lived in New York for a good many years and was more interested in hearing about the United States than the proposed race. In the end he gave the reporter addresses of several men who could assist him and extended an invitation to call again.

For five days the American wandered from bureau to bureau vainly endeavoring to interest some one in his proposals. The letters which had been given him by Commander Kenworthy in London were duly dispatched to Tchitcherin, the Commissar for Foreign Affairs; Latvinof, his assistant; and Rudzutak, Commissar for Transport. Receiving no replies for several days, the reporter called their respective offices and received vague excuses. The day before he was to leave he was notified by Latvinof's secretary that he would be received that afternoon; later this appointment was cancelled; the commissar was ill. On Saturday it was suggested that he call at the office of the Commissar for Transport that afternoon. He did so, and was received by Mr. S. Chernov, one of the railway officials, who appeared keenly interested in the race and promised full coöperation of the railway

department. During this and subsequent conversations Wells found an able interpreter in Mme. Pojerska.

For a time it appeared as though the Soviet Air Service would enter the race. There were frequent conferences with the Inspector for Aviation who thought it quite likely the Government would fly the racers from Moscow to Vladivostok, provided all expenses were met by the Americans, but an estimate of these expenses showed that such a flight would be impossible and the idea was abandoned.

The United States Government not being represented at the Russian Capitol, Wells called on Sir John Hodgson, head of the British Trade Mission to Russia, and found him most willing to assist in any way he could. Subsequent interviews which the reporter had were undoubtedly due to Sir John's interest in the race. Wells and young Evans were luncheon guests at the Mission and became acquainted with its other members, particularly Mr. Vivian Burbury, one of the secretaries, and his wife.

Wells finally saw Sam Kagan, of the Foreign Office, also a former resident of the United States, to whom he expressed his opinion regarding the indifference of the various officials with whom he

had talked. Kagan smiled and advised him to go on to Japan and let the question rest for a while.

'When you return,' he predicted, 'you'll find a different atmosphere,' which was the same advice Wood had given, and which the reporter reluctantly followed.

He and Edward, Junior, forswore the pleasant nights they had spent with other American representatives of the Fourth Estate sentenced to Moscow — Jim Mills, veteran Associated Press correspondent; the engaging Knickerbockers, who keep Mr. Hearst's papers advised of Soviet activities; the Chamberlins, who represent the 'Christian Science Monitor' and several worth-while magazines; and, of course, the Woods — and at 6.50 P.M., February 27, were in their coupé aboard the Trans-Siberian and on their way across snow-buried Russia and Siberia to Chita.

It was a dirty, monotonous journey. Hour after hour, day after day, for one solid week, the train puffed its way through Russia and Siberia, around Lake Baikal, eventually to reach Chita, capital of the once important Far Eastern Republic. Here they changed to another train and after four hours' delay resumed their trip, arriving at Manchou-li, on the Russo-Manchurian frontier, the following morning.

Here Wells was met by Debedoire and Yuchnitsky, of the Chinese customs, old friends, and welcomed back to the China which had been his home for many years. Several hours' more delay and then they were on their way again, traveling east toward Harbin over the Chinese Eastern Railway.

At this important city on the banks of the Sungari, they remained for several days, being entertained by John L. Curtis, of the International Banking Corporation, Hanson, the American Consul, and others whose 'griffin days' in the East had long since become a pleasant memory.

Through Skerst, commercial agent of the Chinese Eastern, Wells met M. Ivanoff, Soviet director of the railway, who assured the American that every facility of the road was at his disposal. He told him of anticipated changes in the schedule of the Trans-Siberian and Chinese Eastern which disarranged his tentative schedules more than ever and made the trip more difficult of accomplishment. These new schedules had not been definitely decided on, but it was probable they would become effective May 15, Ivanoff asserted, promising to verify them later by letter.

Curtis kindly offered to assume charge of the details of the race in the vicinity of Harbin, and Wells

STREET SCENE IN JAPAN

and his young friend moved on toward Mukden, where they met Samuel Sokobin, the American Consul, who later was to pull them safely through the most vital stretch of the race.

Wells had planned to go from Mukden to Peking, but the various warring factions in China were in the midst of battle at that time and communication between Peking and the outside world had been suspended, so he and Edward, Junior, continued on through Korea to Fusan, crossed to Shimonoseki and again entrained, reaching Tokyo March 13.

The reporter bore letters from the Japanese Embassy at Washington confirming the proposed race. One of these was to Baron Shidehara, the Foreign Minister, and the other was to Admiral Takarabe, Minister for the Navy. After calling at the Press Bureau, where he was graciously received by Marquis Kumera, the letters were dispatched to their respective addresses and the American waited developments. Admiral Takarabe did not keep him waiting long. A reply was received that very afternoon from his aide-de-camp:

'By command of Admiral Takarabe, the Minister of the Navy, I have the honor to inform you that His Excellency is unable, to his regret, to make any appointment for the time being owing to his duties at the Diet and previous engagements.'

Wells realized that the Minister was a busy man, for the day before Chinese rebels had attempted to shoot up that portion of the Japanese Navy which was lying off Tientsin, but nevertheless he was surprised that no mention of a possible future appointment was made. It began to appear as though his hopes for a Japanese destroyer or seaplane were to be blasted before he expressed them.

The following day a note from the secretary of the Foreign Minister was delivered to the Imperial Hotel:

'I beg to inform you that an arrangement has been made for your interview with the Foreign Minister. Baron Shidehara will receive you at the Foreign Office on Saturday, March 20th, at 9.40 o'clock in the morning.'

This was more like it, thought the reporter, who then called upon Ambassador MacVeagh to pay his respects and request whatever assistance the American Embassy could render. The Ambassador promised to do whatever he could in an unofficial way and suggested that Wells lay his plans before Lieutenant-Commander H. R. Hein, the Naval Attaché, which he did.

'I doubt if I can get much action for you,' Hein declared, 'but I'll try.'

The next day he wrote Wells the following letter:

'The aide to the Minister of the Navy called me up a few minutes ago and said that they could not help you out either with a destroyer or seaplane. The main idea behind the refusal seems to be that whereas they might lend a hand to such an undertaking sponsored by the Government, they cannot do so for one privately sponsored.

'There is a bare possibility that if you could get the Secretary of State to write to the Foreign Minister here officially about your trip, asking that he lend a hand, you might have more luck.

'I am sorry that my efforts with the Navy Department have ended in failure, but please let me know if I can assist you in any way further, as you know the United States Navy is always ready to lend a hand.'

While these negotiations were in progress, Wells had met and talked with Dr. M. Ohta, head of the 'Hochi Shimbun,' an influential Tokyo paper, and Mr. Kumasaki, one of its directors. The latter displayed keen interest in the proposed trip, and having entrée to all Government departments, announced his intention of getting some quick action, one way or another. He arranged for Wells to talk with an assistant at the Navy Department, who said he would take the proposal under advisement.

The next day Wells was definitely assured by

Kumasaki that there was no hope of the racers securing any assistance from the Navy Department and that if it were essential that they leave their trans-Pacific ship off Cape Erimo, then the transfer would have to be made to a private vessel. His letter was an interesting one and expressed a different viewpoint from that of Commander Hein:

'The authorities make the following statement to me:

'"It is not permitted either by State regulation or tradition to move a ship or an airplane to participate in a private undertaking of this nature. The Minister himself has no authority to decide when the movement of a ship is involved. He has to consult the Chief of the Admiralty, who then submits the matter to the consideration of the Emperor. The Imperial approval is subject to the character of the circumstances to meet which the movement of the ship is requested. Such circumstances may be varied, but it is only when emergency of defense or maintenance of order, protection of nationals or international State matters are involved. The case in question is apparently not of a nature to justify such a decision."

'Such is the explanation I have been given by the Ministerial Secretary of the Naval Department. This is indeed what I had expected when the

proposition was first suggested. Entirely ignoring the question of expenditures, the undertaking involves some risks either for the destroyer cruising at high speed across the rough Japan Sea or for an airplane to hop from Japan to the Continent. In the latter case the danger may be called supreme. If the Government employed the men who are in the service of the Navy or Army under legal compulsion without any remuneration, and if any accident befell them, even a suicide by way of an apology will not relieve the Minister or whoever has decision over such a matter of the responsibility to the Nation at large. It will bring about a tremendous revolt calculated to vitiate irretrievably the spirit of the soldiers. . . . It is not indifference on the part of anybody, but State regulations and tradition of the Army and Navy. To save you further wasted effort I do not hesitate to tell you that no matter through what channels you may try the chance, the conclusion will be one and the same.'

This was definite enough. Too, Wells had no desire to place a Minister in the position where he might have to commit suicide or to be responsible for a possible revolt, so he abandoned the idea of securing governmental assistance and turned to the steamship lines for a fast boat. The fastest one he could charter, he found, was a freighter which

would make eight knots an hour, at a cost of $1 50 per ton per day. Inasmuch as the freighter was listed at 2700 tons and the distance to be covered to Vladivostok 525 miles, which would mean almost a three-day trip and a consequent loss in time rather than a gain, he hardly felt justified in the expenditure of $12,000, so declined the offer with thanks and cast that plan into the discard.

For the hundredth time he studied the original schedule he had prepared, brought up to date by subsequent information, and concluded that it would be virtually impossible, as steamer and train schedules would be arranged during the summer, to make the race in a westerly direction. This was all the more true when he attempted to plan a schedule which would enable him and Evans to use American ships on the Atlantic and Pacific, which they desired to do.

There were luncheons and dinners in honor of the Americans, and Wells renewed acquaintanceship with old friends of years' standing. R. O. Matheson, veteran Tokyo correspondent of the 'Chicago Tribune,' whom he had known for years, was of great assistance, as was W. E. Laxon-Sweet, of the Rengo News Agency, for whom the reporter had once worked, who agreed to handle the affairs of the race in Japan. Tommy Thompson, of the Admiral-

Oriental Line, and Fitzgerald and Costello, of the Canadian Pacific Line, did everything they could to help the racers' plans along.

Young Evans particularly enjoyed the Japanese dinners which he and his friend attended. Seated on the backs of his legs before the low tables, he marveled at the grace and beauty of the doll-like geisha girls expressing the symphony of motion by their dancing, to the wailing music of the *sami-sens*. But he was quite concerned over the absence of Japan's noted earthquakes.

'Gee, Lint!' he said one night, 'I wish we'd have an earthquake!'

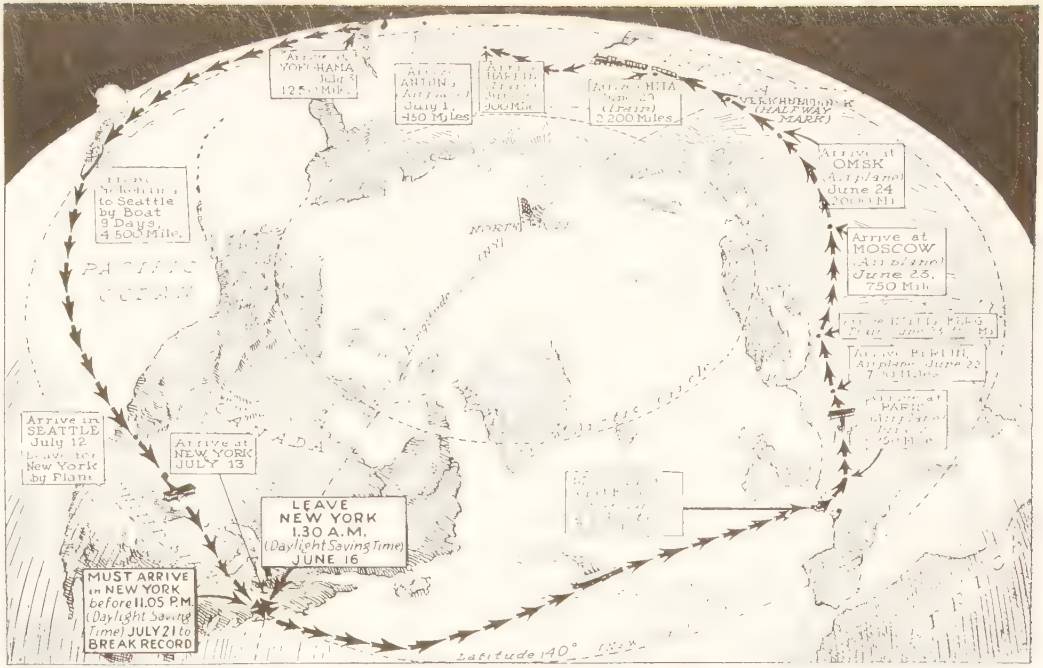
'Not for me, youngster,' his friend protested. 'I've been manhandled by one and that's enough.'

But he got his wish the next day, only the earthquake was in the form of a cablegram from Edward, Senior, and it instructed Wells to send young Evans home via the Pacific. This was a blow to both, and Wells cabled a protest, but the senior Evans thought it wiser to allow his son to make the complete circuit of the globe rather than return to America through Russia and Europe, as Wells was planning to do. Orders were orders, so he had no alternative but to book Edward, Junior, home by way of Honolulu. By this time he had completed all arrangements possible in Japan and was prepar-

ing to leave. The nine days he had spent there had not been as productive of results as he had hoped, but he had at least learned what not to attempt.

Wells left his young friend at the Yokohama Station on the evening of March 22, and for the succeeding nineteen days was constantly on the move, retracing the route over which he and Edward, Junior, had traveled, and cleaning up any loose ends he might have left lying around. It was a lonesome, monotonous journey, but on April 6 he reached Moscow and learned that Wood's and Kagan's predictions regarding Soviet interest had come true. Wherever he went — to the Cinema Monopoly, regarding his photographic permits; to the customs; to the Commissariats of Transport and Communications; to the Foreign Office — he was warmly welcomed and assured of all possible coöperation.

Frankel, in charge of the Passport Division of the Foreign Office, attended immediately to the matter of visas for the travelers during the race and directed that they be secured at Montreal. The Cinema Monopoly promised to deliver permits to Wood within a few days. Chernov, in the Railway Bureau, had prepared a graph giving the hours of arrival and departure of trains subsequent to May 15, and this information cheered the reporter


Arrive at YOKOHAMA July 5 125 Miles
Arrive at ANTUNG July 1, 450 Miles
Arrive at HARBIN July 300 Miles
Arrive at IRKUTSK (HALFWAY MARK)
Arrive at OMSK Airplane June 24 2000 Miles
Arrive at MOSCOW Airplane June 25, 750 Miles
Arrive at PERLIN Airplane June 27
Arrive at PARIS
Arrive in SEATTLE July 12 Leave for New York by Plane
Arrive at NEW YORK JULY 13
LEAVE NEW YORK 1.30 A.M. (Daylight Saving Time) JUNE 16
MUST ARRIVE in NEW YORK before 11.05 P.M. (Daylight Saving Time) JULY 21 to BREAK RECORD
Latitude 40°

MAP SHOWING ORIGINAL SCHEDULE

considerably. Three trains each week — Tuesday, Saturday, and Sunday — were to leave Moscow for Vladivostok. The Tuesday train was the only one which followed the shorter route through Manchuria, but this simply meant the employment of a special train for a short distance if the Saturday or Sunday trains were used. Wells received definite promises that these schedules would become effective on the date mentioned and assurances that any special train he might order would be ready at the hour specified.

Dr. Davidoff, of Deruluft, had returned to Moscow, and he went on record as placing every one of his planes at the disposal of the racers, virtually guaranteeing them a safe arrival at Moscow on schedule.

With his fears over Russia completely allayed, the newspaper man left Moscow on April 8 and two days later was in Berlin, having traveled direct through Poland, stopping off in Warsaw for a few hours. He called again on Dr. Merkel, at the Luft Hansa headquarters, and was turned over to W. E. Schmidt-Rex, a director of the organization, who had been absent on the occasion of his previous visit, but was now prepared to leave no stone unturned to clear the way for the racers when they entered Germany.

There was nothing more to be done, so on April 13 the reporter boarded a train at Friedrichstrasse Station, in company with W. M. Bertles, of Howe, Snow & Bertles, New York brokers, and W. Edwin Stanley, president of Mitchell, Hutchins & Co., of Chicago, who had been wandering around Europe on a business trip, and the following morning found the three back at the California Hotel in Paris.

There were a few odd threads to be gathered together there, but between seeing the sights with Stanley, Bertles, and Gilbert White, the artist, who had joined the party, and interviewing persons whose assistance during the race was necessary, he was not able to sit back in his chair and stare at a definite, completed schedule until the 21st.

'Hot dog! Bill!' he shouted to Bertles. 'We leave on the Leviathan June 12th and land back July 11th — less than twenty-nine days! I'm going on a week's motor trip through Brittany and the châteaux country. God knows, I need a rest!'

And he did.

CHAPTER VIII

WELLS arrived back in New York May 7, aboard the George Washington.

He had spent a week motoring through Brittany and Normandy, enjoyed eight days of rest crossing the Atlantic, now anticipated a week or so of idleness somewhere in the wilds, and was feeling particularly at peace with the world.

Plans for the race were complete. He and Evans would sail on the Leviathan June 12, leave the ship at Cherbourg, fly through to Moscow, board the Trans-Siberian there the evening of June 19, and on June 26 leave it at Chita. A special train would carry them to Harbin, where they would connect with the regular train for Chang-chun, Mukden, Antung and Fusan. There they would cross the Straits by steamer, board another train, and arrive at Yokohama before noon, July 1. At 3.00 P.M. they would sail in the President McKinley and arrive back in New York July 11 or 12, thus establishing a 28- or 29-day record. No particular hazard, exertion, or expenditure of money. The fact that everything appeared to work out so smoothly should have warned him.

He was somewhat amazed to learn upon arrival

that another competitor had entered the field. John Goldstrom, a New York newspaper man, had announced his intention of lowering the record, and, in fact, would have been on his way before Wells returned had it not been for the British strike. Goldstrom was preparing to leave May 19.

An effort was made to persuade Evans and Wells to race Goldstrom, they traveling westward while he went east. This they refused to do. They had no objection to a race, nor were they concerned over Goldstrom's plans to beat them, but they did not want the question of direction settled for them in advance. Wells suggested that the matter be left to chance — that a coin be flipped, the winner to have choice of direction. Goldstrom flatly refused to agree to this plan, stating that his schedule called for an eastward trip and that if there was to be a race Evans and Wells would have to go west. Inasmuch as the suggestion was Goldstrom's, and the Evans-Wells plan was to go east also, Goldstrom was advised to go ahead. He sailed on May 19, but due to inadequate preparation failed by several days to make his connection at Yokohama.

Without feeling any concern over the possibility of Goldstrom winning through, Wells went ahead with his own arrangements. He cabled money and

instructions to the representatives he had appointed in different parts of the world and toward the end of May notified Evans that there was nothing more to be done but start. Then, a heart-breaking discovery was made. Without warning the Admiral-Oriental Line had advanced the sailing date of the President McKinley from July 1 to June 30. In rechecking his schedules Wells had learned about it. He was in a quandary. He and Evans could not possibly arrive before the time set — July 1 — and if they were to use American ships the President McKinley must be held; if they were to sail on June 12 she must also be held.

The reporter immediately called on T. J. Kehoe, in charge of the Admiral-Oriental Line's New York interests and asked if the President McKinley could be held at Yokohama until noon July 1; he pointed out what this change in schedule might cost them, and what the Admiral Line might gain by holding the ship and carrying the racers. Kehoe was sympathetic and referred the reporter to J. E. Andrews, traffic manager of the United States Emergency Fleet Corporation, which owned the vessel, it being simply operated by the Admiral Line. Wells boarded the train for Washington that night and the next day laid his case before Andrews.

'I think the Fleet Corporation will agree,' Andrews said reassuringly. 'Give me a letter stating what you want. I'll put it up to the president, and telegraph the Admiral Line at Seattle and see what they have to say.'

Wells did as directed and returned to New York. Two days later he was notified by Andrews that while the president of the Fleet Corporation had agreed, Admiral Line officials at Seattle had vetoed the proposal, and nothing could therefore be done. Wells immediately wired A. S. Haines, vice-president, and D. J. Hanscom, general passenger agent, of the Admiral-Oriental Line at Seattle, urging them to reconsider their decision. The next day he received a reply stating that not only would the President McKinley be held at Yokohama until the hour specified, but an attempt would be made to make up the twenty-one hours thus lost before the vessel's arrival at Seattle.

'Thank Heaven, that's over!' Wells said to Evans over the long-distance telephone after he had related the story of his success. 'We're all set for the twelfth, and are sure to make it.'

'Good work,' complimented Evans and rang off.

An hour later the saddest blow of all fell. Wells had cabled Chernov in Moscow apprising him of the time of their arrival — June 19 — and request-

ing that a special train be ready at Chita on June 26.

Chernov cabled back as follows:

'Train leaving Moscow Saturday June 19 at 10.00 P.M. runs only to Novo-Nikolaievsk. Train to Vladivostok leaves Moscow Thursdays 10.00 P.M. arrives Chita Thursdays 3.47 A.M. Train to Manchou-li leaves Moscow Tuesdays 10.00 P.M. arrives Manchou-li Tuesdays 5.10 P.M. From Manchou-li train for Harbin leaves Tuesdays at 7.20 P.M. arrives Harbin Wednesdays 5.35 P.M. All times mentioned are Moscow. Trip Moscow–Harbin by trains in service requires 180 hours 35 minutes. Would be necessary leave Moscow by train to Manchou-li and Harbin on Tuesdays or arrive Thursday in order to leave Moscow by train to Vladivostok. Upon receipt your further information shall wire manager Chinese Eastern Railway and Chita Director Trans-Baikal Railway regarding order special train. Cost special train Chita–Manchou-li about $1465.'

Down about his head had fallen Wells's carefully builded structure. If no train were leaving Moscow on June 19, obviously there was no sense in leaving on June 12. According to Chernov's cablegram, trains now left Moscow on Tuesdays and Thursdays — the former through to Harbin; the latter

over the slow-moving Amur route to Vladivostok. They didn't want to go to Vladivostok, anyway, but they could use this train as far as Chita and from there take a special train to Harbin, as they had first planned. But satisfactory connections could not be made to enable them to reach New York in time to establish a worth-while record. They might lower Mears's record by a day or two, but that was all.

Wells was reluctant to telephone his friend this information. He broke out all his railway, steamship, and airplane schedules, studied his carefully drawn graphs showing times of arrival and departure of trains, steamers, and airplanes over a period of three months, and in the end sat wearily back and confessed defeat.

Nels Leroy Jorgensen, his friend, was in his apartment at the Ambassador at the time.

'It looks to me, Lint,' he said, 'as though the worst part of this race is being made right here.'

'Uh-huh,' Wells grunted absently, staring at his graph. 'I wonder,' he said.

'What?' Jorgensen asked.

'If we use the Aquitania on June 16 we can reach Moscow at 6.00 P.M. June 23. The Tuesday train on the Trans-Siberian has been gone twenty hours by that time. Say we could get away in a plane at

JUST BEFORE THE START AT 1.30 A.M., JUNE 16TH

Left to right, Evans; Wells; John Henry Mears (in center); Loring Pickering, General Manager North American Newspaper Alliance (with cane); and Vilhjálmur Stefánsson

two o'clock the next morning — it's dawn then — we might overtake it that night at Swerdlosk.'

'Any airplanes flying over that part of the country?' inquired Jorgensen.

'Nope, but we could charter one,' replied the reporter. 'Probably be a dangerous flight, but if we made it — let's see: we'd catch the Empress of Asia out of Yokohama on July 3 and be back in New York on the 12th. That's twenty-seven days.'

'Why not try it?' suggested Jorgensen.

'It's up to Evans,' Wells said, reaching for the phone.

The Detroiter expressed regret over the bad news and asked what alternate plan Wells had in mind. The reporter outlined his ideas for using the Aquitania and making a flight east of Moscow, over hitherto unflown-over territory.

'If we have to, we have to; that's all there is to it,' said Evans. 'Go ahead and see if you can get a plane.'

Not an instant's hesitation! The true Adventurer!

Wells hurriedly dispatched cablegrams to Miss Anna Louise Strong, a newspaper woman in Moscow, Wood being absent temporarily, to Schmidt-Rex in Berlin, and to Davidoff in Moscow, asking them to coöperate with each other to the end that

a plane be secured for a flight to Swerdlosk or some other point along the Trans-Siberian where the racers could overtake the train leaving Moscow at 10.00 P.M. June 22.

Both Schmidt-Rex and Davidoff cabled back that such a flight was too dangerous in its potentialities to attempt on such short notice. An hour or so later a cable arrived from Miss Strong which read as follows:

'No landing place Trans-Siberian before Omsk which all aviators say reach one day's flight account long twilight. One stop be made allowing fifteen hours for unforeseen incidents. Apparently perfectly feasible. Several aviation companies here willing attempt. Aviakhim "Friends of Aviation" semi-official Russian Society offers six-seated Junker two pilots at cost estimated four thousand dollars. Must decide immediately for necessary permission.'

Evans and Wells decided immediately to chance the flight. It meant a 2000-mile hop over dangerous territory, but there was no alternative if they wished to make the race in any sort of time. If the flight were completed successfully they would reach their starting-point, barring mishaps at other points along the route, in twenty-seven days. Four thousand dollars was cabled to Miss Strong with

instructions to go ahead and complete arrangements for the flight.

The Aquitania was scheduled to sail at 1.00 A.M. daylight saving time, and Wells began to figure out how he and Evans might save more time. Evans had desired from the beginning to start the race from Detroit, and now it seemed that this might be done. It was thought possible that several hours might be saved by leaving Detroit in Eddie Stinson's plane and flying to some point along the coast, boarding a fast boat, and overtaking the vessel at sea. An hour or so would be saved and the hazard of a trans-continental flight be materially reduced by cutting a portion of it off at the beginning.

Wells paid another visit to Washington and approached Admiral E. W. Eberle, Chief of Naval Operations, with the suggestion that a destroyer carry the racers to sea and put them aboard their steamer. Admiral Eberle regretted that the Navy could not participate in a private enterprise of this sort, 'except in an emergency,' which then didn't exist, and suggested that the proposal be laid before the Coast Guard which had boats regularly patrolling the coast. So the reporter betook himself to the headquarters of that now (because of prohibition) much maligned body, the United States Coast

Guard, the traditions and performances of which outshine any similar organization in the world.

He was courteously received by Lieutenant-Commander Yeandle, aide to Admiral F. C. Billard, Commandant of the Coast Guard, to whom he explained the purpose of his visit.

'You've come to the right place,' Commander Yeandle said immediately.

An hour later Wells left the office with letters in his possession, signed by Admiral Billard, requesting the commanders of the Coast Guard divisions at Boston and New York, and the Commander of the Coast Guard Destroyer Force at New London to render to Evans and Wells all assistance possible, 'without conflicting with the regular duties of the service.'

During a previous visit to Washington, Wells had tried to secure permission from Postmaster-General New to allow him and Evans to fly in air-mail planes when they returned to the United States. This had been refused, the Postmaster-General declaring that 'the purpose of the Air Mail is to carry the mails.' Although Wells pointed out that he and Evans were 'males,' the pun did not have the desired effect. On the occasion of this visit, the reporter called on W. Irving Glover, Second Assistant Postmaster-General in charge of Air Mail, and

acquainted him with the plans of the race. The next day he received a letter from Mr. Glover offering the racers 'every facility and courtesy to expedite your flight across the United States after you have reached the airway of the United States Government route from Elko to New York. . . . Supplies will be obtainable . . . and special arrangements will also be given to keep the lighted airway lit.'

Other departments of the Government generously offered assistance.

E. B. Calvert, Meteorologist in Charge of the Weather Bureau in Washington, issued instructions to weather bureaus along the line of flight the racers were to follow to keep them advised with weather reports.

The United States Customs Collector at Washington requested his Seattle bureau to 'facilitate their landing as much as possible and extend any aid you can in the accomplishment of their purpose.'

With all these details arranged, Wells returned to New York content, and prepared to clean up a few more.

There were close connections to be made in Manchuria under the new schedule. The racers would arrive at Harbin at 11.35 P.M., June 30, and it was necessary for them to connect with a train at An-

tung, 600 miles to the south, by 9.00 A.M. This could only be done by airplane and the only airplanes available in that part of the world were those which form the able flying corps of Marshal Chang Tso-lin. Wells sent a cablegram to Sokobin, at Mukden, requesting him to ask the Manchurian War Lord if he would fly the racers from Harbin to Antung. Sokobin replied that a plane would be ready for them at Harbin at the time specified for a flight to Mukden. He would try to arrange it for the additional distance to Antung.

The closeness of these connections in Manchuria was a cause for concern, but Wells was confident they could be made. Nevertheless, he called again upon his friend E. T. Stebbing, general passenger agent in New York for the Canadian Pacific Line, and asked if the Empress of Asia could be held at Yokohama for at least twelve hours in an emergency. Mr. Stebbing put the question up to the Board at Montreal and the answer was in the affirmative.

Every minute which could be saved at the start of the race was an advantage. Knowing that considerable time was required to move the Aquitania from her dock at the foot of West Fifteenth Street to Ambrose Lightship, twenty miles distant, Wells figured that a half-hour, possibly an hour could be

saved if she were allowed to leave New York without him and his friend and overtaken at Ambrose by using a fast launch.

The proposal was submitted to Curtis Patterson, head of the Cunard Line's publicity department, and to F. E. Garlick, of its passenger department, and subsequently passed on to Sir Ashley Cooper, receiving approval. The Aquitania would lay to off Ambrose at 3.00 A.M. and take the racers aboard. Wells then went in search of a speedy launch.

Evans and he had decided against starting from Detroit, believing that the element of chance entered too strongly into the possibility of reaching New York. A temporary forced landing might cause them to lose out before they were started across the Atlantic. They had not, therefore, made use of the letters given to them by Admiral Billard. Armed with one of them, Wells called on Captain D. Carmine, Commander of the New York Division of the Coast Guard, and asked if one of the vessels under his command would put them aboard the Aquitania.

'Certainly,' declared this grizzled old sea-dog, reaching for a telephone and issuing an order. 'When and where do you want it?' he asked, turning to his visitor.

'How long will it take one of your boats to get

from the Battery to Ambrose?' Wells counter-questioned.

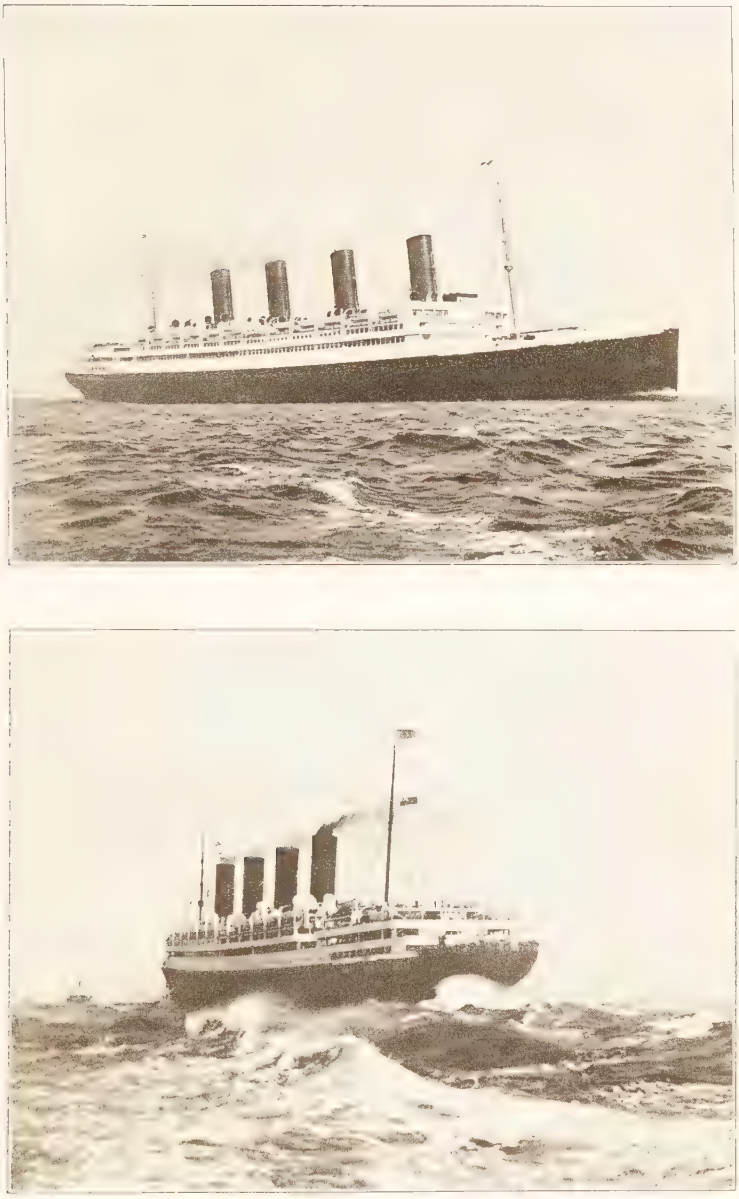
'An hour and thirty minutes,' Captain Carmine replied.

'Then we'll want it at 1.30 A.M., June 16,' Wells said.

'Be at Pier A, the Battery, at that time and the 164 will be ready for you,' the Captain ordered crisply. 'Drop in any time you want something done.'

There was nothing left to be done except to receive assurances that arrangements had been completed for the Moscow–Omsk flight. A cablegram to this effect arrived on June 14. A thorough examination of the schedule he had worked out showed the reporter that nothing had been overlooked. There were danger points in the route the race was to follow, but these were unavoidable. On the whole, it was a highly satisfactory piece of work — the result of seven months of unremitting effort, more than forty thousand miles of travel, and the expenditure of thousands of dollars.

Now to make the race!



THE AQUITANIA

ORIGINAL SCHEDULE

Leave	Date	Time	Arrive	Date	Time	Delay	Used
	June			June			
World Bldg., New York City	16 —	1.30 A.M.	Cherbourg	22 —	5.00 A.M.	1–00	S
Cherbourg	22 —	6.00 A.M.	Paris	22 —	8.30 A.M.	1–00	P
Paris	22 —	9.30 A.M.	Berlin	22 —	5.00 P.M.	1–40	P
Berlin	22 —	6.40 P.M.	Königsberg	23 —	5.54 A.M.	1–36	T
Königsberg	23 —	7.30 A.M.	Moscow	23 —	6.00 P.M.	8–00	P
Moscow	24 —	2.00 A.M.	Omsk	25 —	12.00 NOON	3–34	P
Omsk	25 —	3.34 P.M.	Chita	29 —	9.45 A.M.	0–32	T
Chita	29 —	10.17 A.M.	Manchou-li	29 —	11.10 P.M.	2–10	T
Manchou-li	30 —	1.20 A.M.	Harbin	30 —	11.35 P.M.	–25	T
	July			July			
Harbin	1 —	12.00 MID.	Chang-chun	1 —	4.00 A.M.	–15	T
Chang-chun	1 —	4.15 A.M.	Mukden	1 —	6.00 A.M.	–15	P
Mukden	1 —	6.15 A.M.	Antung	1 —	8.50 A.M.	–15	P
Antung	1 —	9.05 A.M.	Fusan	2 —	9.30 A.M.	1–00	T
Fusan	2 —	10.30 A.M.	Shimonoseki	2 —	6.30 P.M.	2–15	S
Shimonoseki	2 —	8.45 P.M.	Yokohama	3 —	7.50 P.M.	–40	T
Yokohama	3 —	8.30 P.M.	Victoria	12 —	5.00 A.M.	–15	S
Victoria	12 —	5.15 A.M.	Seattle	12 —	6.15 A.M.	–15	P
Seattle	12 —	6.30 A.M.	Pasco	12 —	9.00 A.M.	–15	P
Pasco	12 —	9.15 A.M.	Cheyenne	12 —	5.00 P.M.	–30	P
Cheyenne	12 —	5.30 P.M.	Chicago	13 —	3.30 A.M.	–30	P
Chicago	13 —	4.00 A.M.	New York (Field)	13 —	12.00 NOON	–15	P
N.Y. (Field)	13 —	12.15 P.M.	World Bldg.	13 —	1.30 P.M.	Finish	A

Total — 27 days, 12 hours.

Distance — Approximately 20,000 miles.

S — Steamer; **P** — Airplane; **T** — Train; **A** — Automobile.

PART TWO
THE RACE

CHAPTER I

THE zero hour approaches.

It is one-twenty-eight o'clock of the morning of June 16, 1926 — two minutes before an epochal race around the world against time is to start.

The scene is laid in front of the Pulitzer Building, at 63 Park Row, New York City.

Perhaps a thousand persons were gathered around a Packard Straight Eight, staring curiously at its occupants.

In this car were Edward S. Evans, Linton Wells, Vilhjálmur Stefánsson, the noted Arctic explorer, and a chauffeur. Clinging to the sides of the car and standing on the running boards were a half-dozen men, friends of Evans and Wells.

Two cars carrying reporters and newspaper and newsreel photographers were hurrying south along Broadway toward the Battery. Standing near by were other automobiles bearing friends of the two men who were about to set forth to girdle the globe in a shorter space of time than any one had ever done it.

Between eight and midnight that evening there had been a dinner at the Ritz-Carlton. It had been an enjoyable and impressive affair, with music and

dancing and laughter and good food. At midnight the party had broken up and shortly thereafter its members had found their way to Park Row.

For thirty minutes the sidewalk in front of the Pulitzer Building took on the appearance of a 'location set.' The farewells and departure of the two men who were about to embark upon their adventurous world journey were rehearsed and photographed time and again. Calcium flares lighted the surroundings. From behind a dozen cameras, located at different points, there emanated shouted commands to 'look this way.' Reporters quietly propounded their questions; a thousand bits of advice regarding future conduct were shouted, to the intense amusement of the crowd of onlookers. The reporters hurried toward telephones; the flares died out and the photographers quickly packed their equipment and scurried toward the Battery.

One-twenty-eight!

Twenty-eight minutes before the Cunard liner Aquitania had slipped its moorings and eased out into the North River, preparatory to starting on its long journey across the Atlantic to Cherbourg, France.

This was the vessel upon which the world racers were to travel, the missing of which would mean

the loss of thousands of dollars, and perhaps necessitate the abandonment of their plan to put the world in its proper place and prove that it isn't so large as it thinks it is. And yet they had allowed it to leave New York without their being aboard. But there was method in their madness, for at Pier A, the Battery, Coast Guard Patrol Boat 164, commanded by Boatswain Schweizer, was tugging fretfully at its moorings, anxious to assist the globe-trotters in saving thirty minutes of valuable time by overtaking the giant liner at Ambrose Lightship, twenty miles from her pier.

One-twenty-eight!

'Two minutes!' announced Stefansson, staring at a stop-watch held in the palm of his hand.

Wells lights a cigarette and Evans waves to an acquaintance.

'One minute!' declared the starter.

There is a noticeable tenseness. The chauffeur throws his motor into low gear; the police clear away the crowd from in front of the car; the motorcycle escort is poised, ready for an immediate getaway.

'Thirty seconds to go!'

Then —

'Fifteen, ten, five, two, and —

'GO!'

The Packard is under way almost before the single word is out of Stefánsson's mouth, and with the cheers of a thousand or more well-wishers ringing in their ears, Evans and Wells are off on their record-breaking journey.

Broadway is virtually deserted and the wail of the motorcycle sirens reverberates through the canyons of Lower Manhattan. In four minutes the cars draw up before Pier A. More flares and photographs, and forms are scurrying through the darkness toward the end of the pier. While lines are being cast off from the 164, hasty farewells are made to friends and relatives, photographers and reporters are bundled aboard, and at 1.37 the speedy little patrol boat is out into the river and racing with every ounce of power after the Aquitania.

'Well — that's that!' Wells murmured to Evans and Austin F. Bement, partner of Evans and friend of both, who was accompanying the racers as far as Paris. Both agreed that it was.

The lights of Manhattan disappeared and every eye was directed ahead in the hope of picking up the lights of the Aquitania.

'She passed the Battery at one-ten,' Boatswain Schweizer said, in reply to Evans's question. 'The river's pretty clear of traffic to-night and I imagine

ABOARD THE AQUITANIA

Left to right: Evans; Sir James Charles, Commander of the Aquitania and 'Commodore of the Cunard Fleet'; Wells; James Bruce, who offered to buy Evans's place in the race

she's making good time. We ought to pick her up off Ambrose a little after three.'

This was cheering news, for it had been arranged to meet the Cunarder at three, and it is expensive to delay a vessel of that size for any length of time.

Channel light after channel light slipped by in the darkness as the staunch little craft, vibrating with every turn of her propeller, struggled toward the open sea at sixteen knots.

'We've got the tide with us — that's something,' Schweizer observed. 'But I don't think much of this wind!'

A noticeable breeze had sprung up and the 164 was beginning to stick her stubby little nose into the aquamarine waters of the channel. Every now and then her bow would rise higher out of the water and with a lurch she would go under so far that a wave would come over. Evans, Wells, and Bement were with Schweizer in the pilot house, and therefore safe from a wetting. The reporters and photographers moved further aft to avoid the spray. The wind grew stronger and the 164 began to gyrate, to the intense annoyance of a number of those who had elected to accompany the racers to the side of the Aquitania.

'There she is!' Schweizer announced, straining

his eyes to see through the damp pilot-house window. Evans and Wells finally picked out the lights of the Cunarder, slipping through the night six or seven miles distant.

Coney Island and Sandy Hook were passed and the 164 struggled onward. Suddenly Schweizer threw his helm hard over. The 164 seemed to hang suspended for an instant and then began to turn to port, rolling and pitching as she did so. A 'dead' channel buoy slipped off into the darkness less than twenty feet from the vessel's side.

'What the hell's the idea?' Bement demanded of the world at large, as he picked himself up from the pilot-house deck, whither he had fallen.

'Channel buoy light out,' Schweizer replied succinctly. 'Saw it just in time.'

Outside the pilot house a square-jawed sailor whistled and turned to the group on deck.

'If we hadn't a good man in the pilot house,' he said cheerfully, 'youse boys woulda been swimmin' back to town by this time.'

A narrow escape from catastrophe before the racers were twenty miles on their journey; one of the unforeseeable incidents which were to threaten the travelers every mile of the twenty thousand they were destined to cover.

The Aquitania's lights began to grow more dis-

tinct and the 164's passengers thought she was heaving to and said as much.

'No,' replied Schweizer, who seemed to be as familiar with his surroundings as though it were not pitch dark and landmarks invisible to the eye; 'she is making the turn in the channel.'

At this point a light commenced to blink on the Aquitania. It was apparent she was signalling to the patrol boat, and Schweizer immediately issued an order to reply. The 164's searchlight was thrown on and a shaft of light darted away in the direction of the Cunarder. Then darkness.

Three o'clock! Every light of the Aquitania was now visible three miles distant, and Schweizer volunteered the information that she had stopped, dropped her pilot, and was forming a lee for the little patrol boat to creep into and discharge her passengers.

It had been Wells's idea to transfer from the 164 to the Aquitania in a small boat, and thus enable the motion-picture cameramen to secure some interesting pictures. The small dory carried by the patrol boat was impracticable for this purpose; it was even thought doubtful if the 164 could be brought safely alongside the Aquitania, if much of a wind was blowing or a sea running. The question was put to Schweizer.

'I guess I can put her alongside,' the boatswain replied. 'But there's the Coast Guard Cutter Manhattan over there,' pointing to a vessel lying near the Aquitania, 'and she's standing by to get you aboard in a small boat, if I can't.'

But at 3.17 the 164 slipped past the stern of the great liner and along her starboard side and with her engines stilled laid below an open cargo port and rolled and rolled and rolled.

The pictures which were to be taken were forgotten, for a majority of the cameramen who had made the uncomfortable journey were *hors de combat*, and without more ado, Evans, Wells, and Bement bade farewell to and thanked Boatswain Schweizer, and in another minute had scrambled up the Jacob's ladder which hung from the cargo port and were being greeted by Staff Captain W. A. Hawkes, Purser J. W. Lawler, and other officers of the Aquitania.

It was 3.20 A.M. — and the Aquitania was under way for Cherbourg with the world racers safely aboard.

CHAPTER II

Six pleasantly quiet days at sea on the Aquitania.

There was a crowd of good fellows aboard, and while Evans, not being a disciple of Bacchus, kept pretty much to himself and devoted his time to reading and comfortable loafing in a steamer chair, Wells was generally to be found in the smoking-room with the gang.

Evans unquestionably needed the rest that he was getting. For a year he had worked incessantly and when he boarded the Aquitania his physical condition was not what it should have been. A sea voyage, however, is a cure for all ailments except seasickness, and by the time Cherbourg was reached the Detroiter had improved perceptibly and was in fit condition to face the gruelling task in which he and Wells were to engage.

Among the passengers who took a keen interest in the world race were John McE. Bowman, noted for his splendidly operated hotels; Dudley Field Malone, who threw the fear of evolution into the hearts of the Fundamentalists; James Bruce, vice-president of The Baltimore Trust Company and son of the senator from Maryland; William F. Alexander, of Alexander & Alexander, nationally known

insurance firm; Bill Hardenburg, who pretty well runs the zinc business; Tom Swan, who is slated to relieve Governor Ritchie of his gubernatorial worries at Annapolis; and a host of other reputable citizens who assisted to make life livable.

Wells was nominated the first night out to conduct the auction pool and was kept on the job for the succeeding five nights, managing to harangue more than $11,000 out of the small coterie that allowed its sporting instincts full sway in an endeavor to pick the distance the ship would run during twenty-four hours. Bowman, it might be mentioned, twice won the pool, while Malone picked a winner once.

Those were happy days and nights. Everything conducive to the comfort of the racers was arranged for by Captain Hawkes and Jimmy Lawler, the purser, at whose table Evans, Wells, and Bement were seated with four other good fellows. Each evening there was a private dinner given by one member of the party.

There were long walks during the morning, deck sports in the afternoon, bridge games and cocktails before dinner, the auction pool and dancing afterward, and the days and nights passed all too quickly.

But the weather wasn't all that it should have

been. A mild northeast gale kept the speed of the Pride of the Cunard Fleet slightly under twenty-three knots, and this caused Evans and Wells some concern. If the racers were to make their connection at Paris on schedule, it was essential that the Aquitania reach Cherbourg by about 5.00 A.M., Tuesday, June 22. Sir James Charles, commander of the Aquitania and Commodore of the Cunard Fleet, had hoped to connect with the Gulf Stream, which would add slightly to the speed of the ship, but this current being somewhat temperamental seldom follows the same course and as a consequence it was missed, and the daily run was only between 520 and 540 knots. While Sir James had assured the racers that he would do everything within his power to get them to Cherbourg at the time specified, the fact that the vessel was taking the southern and longer course, because of icebergs, and his authority did not extend to the Gods of the Deep, resulted in the arrival being delayed several hours.

Three days out of Cherbourg Wells began to check up on his arrangements.

While he had made arrangements with the Air Union at Paris to have an amphibian plane ready at Cherbourg, prepared for a flight to the airdrome at Le Bourget, outside Paris, he nevertheless de-

cided to reassure himself that it would be present when needed. A radio message was dispatched to Hank Welch. The following day this reply was received:

'Amphibian not positive. Otherwise fast plane waiting Cherbourg. Auto docks to grounds arranged. Cherbourg–Paris two hours. Meet you Le Bourget.'

This was something of a disappointment. It would require at least an hour to get from the Aquitania to the emergency landing field on the outskirts of Cherbourg. Had the amphibian been available as planned, not more than five minutes would have been required to make the transfer and to hop off from the water inside the breakwater.

When this message was received it had become apparent that the Aquitania would not reach the French port until about 8.00 A.M. Wells and Evans discussed the situation and decided that it would be impossible to arrive at Paris in time to connect with the regular plane for Berlin, and therefore a change in schedule must accordingly be made, unless the Berlin plane could be held for a time.

The following radio message was immediately filed to Welch:

'Aquitania may not arrive until eight therefore imperative have plane prepared for flight direct

LEAVING THE AQUITANIA AT CHERBOURG
Wells descending the ladder

Cherbourg–Berlin via Cologne unless you can arrange hold Berlin plane Paris sixty–ninety minutes.'

Schmidt-Rex, of the Luft Hansa Company in Berlin, was the recipient of a message which read:

'Account bad weather Aquitania may not arrive Cherbourg until eight. Have directed our Paris representative Hank Welch, American Express Company, have plane ready for flight direct Cherbourg–Berlin via Cologne, unless your plane can be held Paris sixty–ninety minutes. Advise if this possible.'

Welch replied that —

'Berlin plane won't wait. Plane at Cherbourg direct Paris. Change to fast plane to Berlin. Motorboat meeting Aquitania.'

A message from Schmidt-Rex read:

'Impossible hold our plane Paris. Recommend special plane Cherbourg–Cologne where will wait one hour for arrival and convey you to Berlin. Have tickets Berlin to Königsberg and Moscow to Manchou-li, also for Deruluft flight Königsberg to Moscow.'

In reply to a radiographic inquiry, Wiley, the American Consul at Cherbourg, replied:

'Arrangements made for customs, immigration and quarantine clearance and small boat. Will meet you on board.'

There were two reasons why the racers objected to this change in their plans. The first was the hazard of making a long flight to Berlin in planes other than those being operated regularly between the French and German capitals; the other was the added expense. While both men have faith in the airplane, they realized that almost anything might happen during such a long flight, and while a forced landing might not necessarily be dangerous, they preferred to be somewhere along the regular air route where, if such an emergency arose, they would be in a position to secure a relief plane with the minimum amount of delay. The additional expense would amount to something like fifteen hundred dollars. But apparently there was no alternative, therefore they directed that these arrangements be completed, and when assurances had been received that they had been, the pair settled back into the routine of the ship, somewhat impatient to reach Europe and start on the more exciting stretches of their journey. No additional proof was needed to convince them that the plans which they had so carefully formulated were not infallible.

Shortly before the race started, odds of five to one against its successful completion were being offered in New York. But aboard the Aquitania

these odds were reduced to four to one and later three to one was offered. Even those who bet against the two ambitious men were hopeful, they said, that the race would be won, declaring that in laying their wagers they were simply gratifying their gambling instincts.

Before leaving New York, W. M. Bertles, of the Broad Street firm of Howe, Snow & Bertles, approached Evans with an offer of twenty-five thousand dollars for the Detroiter's place in the race. Evans laughingly declined and it was hardly thought that another offer would be made. But aboard the Aquitania Jim Bruce went Bill one better. The Baltimore banker became so enthusiastic over the possibilities of the trip that the evening before Cherbourg was reached he got Evans off into a corner and seriously endeavored to persuade him to drop out of the race. Thirty thousand was Jim's offer!

'Sorry, old-timer,' Evans replied with a smile; 'but you couldn't get me out of this for fifty thousand.'

Sportsmen both!

Wells and Evans were up with the sun on June 22, and by six o'clock had their baggage packed and were ready to leave the ship.

What to and what not to carry was a question to

which the travelers had given serious thought. Obviously they did not wish to be burdened with any great amount of baggage between Cherbourg and Yokohama and Victoria and New York, for the greater portion of this distance was to be covered by airplane. It is true that he travels fastest who travels alone, but it is equally true that he travels fastest who travels lightest. It was therefore not lack of desire to be accommodating which caused the two men to decline to carry the thousand and one souvenirs they had been requested by friends to carry; it was simply common sense.

In the end it was decided that a complete wardrobe, including evening clothes, should be carried as far as Cherbourg on the Aquitania; and a similar outfit sent to Yokohama to be placed aboard the Empress of Asia. For the journey between Cherbourg and Yokohama the equipment would be reduced to one handbag, containing all the clothing which it was thought would be required for twelve days; a motion picture and still camera and film; a portable typewriter; and two parachutes.

The potentialities of such a limited wardrobe were aptly described in a story published the day before the race started:

"If Edward S. Evans, Detroit industrialist, and Linton Wells, newspaper writer, fail to complete

their race around the world which begins in New York June 16, they may have to report a crisis in their journey not connected with transportation. The two travelers have calculated their clothing as closely as their planes, in order to avoid excess luggage, and as both wear the same sizes in essentials, their wardrobe will be conducted on a communistic basis.

'A day's delay may mean the division of the last clean collar at Antung or Verkhneudinsk and another day's delay probably would produce bulletins on the decadence of the last handkerchief in the dusty atmosphere above the Manchurian desert wastes.

'Evans and Wells will have a complete wardrobe aboard the Aquitania to Cherbourg and another waiting them at Yokohama. For the twelve days of travel intervening they will carry the following:

'A dressing-case, eight pairs of hose, six dark silk shirts, twenty-four soft collars, twenty-four handkerchiefs, four neckties, two pairs of soft slippers, two caps in addition to their straw hats, four pairs silk pajamas, ten suits silk underwear, and four towels.

'Silk predominates in their attire, not for the delectation of Siberian broadways, but because it can be washed and dried more quickly than other materials.

'The travelers will also carry a moving picture and still camera, a medicine case, portable typewriter, two decks of cards, two collapsible cups, books and notebooks, and two parachutes.'

In addition there was one article which the racers were proud to carry and that was the flag of the Adventurers' Club of Chicago, of which both men are members. The flag now occupies an honored position among the club's trophies.

It had been arranged that Evans and Wells were to leave the Aquitania immediately they were cleared by French officials and as this moment was approaching, the pair visited the bridge and paid their respects to Sir James and thanked him for his efforts to get them safely and expeditiously over the first leg of the race. It was then almost 7.30 and the Cunarder was passing the breakwater at Cherbourg. The racers went below to an open cargo port and awaited the arrival of the tug which was then ranging alongside and bearing the quarantine and immigration officers.

Passports were tossed aboard the tug and quickly examined and stamped; but a minute or two was required by the medical officers to examine the ship's papers and give Evans, Bement, and Wells permission to leave the vessel.

But while these formalities were being observed,

the racers learned that Mother Fate had again attacked their line of defense and they were confronted by a serious situation.

Wiley, the American Consul, was aboard the tug, and while passports were being inspected he shouted to Wells that he had a launch ready, but —

'Your plane's out of commission.'

'What!' Wells exclaimed, hardly believing his ears.

'Crashed into a mountain in a fog last night,' Wiley explained.

Wells was dumbfounded. 'Did you get another?' he demanded.

'Didn't know about it until this morning,' replied the consul. 'The pilot and mechanician simply went to a hotel and turned in.'

'Is there another plane available around here?' the newspaperman asked hopefully.

'Only Government planes at the naval base.'

'We might try to get one there,' suggested Wells, turning to Evans, who had ranged alongside, and explaining the situation.

'Hardly a chance,' Wiley declared. 'And anyway, you could be at Le Bourget by the time you explained things and they got permission from Paris. There's a good car on the quay waiting for you and you can make Paris in six hours.'

By this time Evans, Wells, and Bement were on the tug and their baggage had been transferred to a special launch. Although disappointed by this breakdown in their plans, they had no other alternative but to race to Paris in the automobile. In a few minutes they were aboard their launch and chugging toward the quay, at the same time posing before a battery of cameras and replying to a fusillade of questions from reporters. Two customs inspectors quickly examined their baggage, there were more pictures, while a curious crowd looked on, and at 8.38 the motor car was under way.

That 350-kilometre ride through beautiful Normandy to Paris will always remain something of a nightmare to both. The very stretches of the race which they had believed would be easiest covered were now to require all their endurance and initiative. Instead of arriving at Paris in time to connect with the commercial plane at 9.30, they had been forced to decide in favor of a special plane leaving an hour or so later, but still enabling them to reach Berlin and catch their train for the overnight ride to Königsberg. Now even this plan had failed. They would reach Paris six hours behind schedule, and only after a dangerous night flight across unlighted mountainous country could they possibly hope to arrive at the German capital in

BAGGAGE INSPECTION AT LE BOURGET, PARIS

ENTERING THE PLANE AT LE BOURGET, PARIS

time to board the plane which left for Königsberg at 2.00 A.M. the following morning, and which they had previously planned to connect with at Königsberg instead.

The gates leading into Paris were reached about 2.30 in the afternoon, only two stops having been made — one for gasoline, another to replace a punctured tire. And then ensued a maddening drive through the congested streets of Paris to Le Bourget, where the tired and anxious travelers arrived at 3.15 P.M. Nearly seven hours had been required for the trip from Cherbourg.

As the car stopped at the gate leading to the airdrome, Wells jumped out and was warmly greeted by Hank Welch, who, with Jimmy Wharton, Paris representative of an American newspaper syndicate, and a crowd of reporters and photographers, had been awaiting their arrival since early morning.

'Hell, Lint! I'm terribly sorry about this,' was Welch's greeting. 'We didn't know about the plane being down until after you'd left Cherbourg, or we'd have sent down another.'

'Too late to worry now,' Wells replied. 'Have you got another ship ready to go through to Berlin?'

'On the field — all warmed up,' Welch answered. 'Here's your ticket — fifty-four thousand francs' worth.'

'All right. Let's get going.'

But it was not until 3.50 P.M. that the pair got away. There was passport inspection to be completed; baggage to be stowed; pictures to be taken; hundreds of questions to be answered. But at last, with Pierre Delisle [1] at the stick, the Farman four-passenger plane left the ground and the world racers were off on a thousand-kilometre flight to Berlin, six hours and twenty minutes behind schedule and with barely sufficient time to reach the Tempelhofer Feld before the plane which they *had* to catch departed for Königsberg.

[1] Pierre Delisle met his death near Folkestone, England, in August. He was piloting one of the giant Paris–London planes, and while making a forced landing in a fog was killed when his plane crashed into a haystack.

CHAPTER III

The fertile fields of France lay like a gigantic, varicolored rag carpet two thousand feet below.

In the cabin of the Farman plane sat Wells, his legs draped over the back of the chair in front of him, reading the latest French journals. Behind him, beside Delisle in the pilot's cockpit, was Evans, gazing interestedly at the terrain flashing below.

Doing better than 160 kilometres an hour, the Farman was roaring through the air toward Cologne, the next stop of the world racers, where the ship would be refueled and the flight continued on over Germany to Berlin.

Soissons, Liège, Aix-la-Chapelle came into view and disappeared as the plane flashed like a meteor across France, Belgium, Luxemburg, the tip of Holland, and into Germany.

Those two hours and forty-five minutes, required to cover the 390 kilometres between Paris and Cologne, seemed endless to the already weary travelers. Time was invaluable to them at this period. They were confronted by a crisis which must be overcome or the race was virtually lost.

The night of rest which they had anticipated aboard the Berlin Königsberg train, for which tickets had been purchased, was now only an unrealized dream. And yet, it was not rest they were concerned about: it was the possibility of concluding their night flight between Cologne and Berlin successfully.

Night was threatening to draw its mantle about a weary world when Delisle placed the wheels of his plane on the airdrome at Cologne and in a cloud of dust taxied up to the line.

Evans and Wells crawled stiffly out of the cabin of the plane and were greeted by German soldiers and officials of the airdrome. Willing hands quickly removed their effects from the plane and spread them on the ground for inspection.

While their arrival had apparently been anticipated and everything arranged to expedite their entrance into Germany, nevertheless there were certain formalities to be observed with passport and customs officials. The immigration officer quickly stamped their passports, but several minutes were required to explain to the customs inspector that the cameras and film carried by the two were not to be left in Germany, but were for the sole purpose of obtaining a celluloid record of the trip.

Meantime, 'tempus fidgeted' and Wells told De-

lisle to hurry and gas up so they could be on their way. Delisle promptly balked.

In voluble French he announced to the world at large and to the travelers in particular that while he felt desolate over the situation, nevertheless it would be impossible for him to continue to Berlin that night. If Messieurs would take advantage of the unexcelled accommodations afforded by the best hotel at Cologne, he would gladly transport them to Berlin the following morning. But to-night — ah, *non*, *non*, and again, *non!* Besides, Messieurs must of a certainty be weary after their long journey and would welcome the opportunity to rest.

'Messieurs' explained as best they could and with what patience they could command that they had paid fifty-four thousand francs for a hurried flight to Berlin, barring mechanical accidents, and that it was most imperative that they reach that city before two o'clock the following morning. They, too, felt 'desolate' over the situation, but necessity was necessity, and they would, therefore, continue on as soon as gas and oil could be poured into the proper receptacles.

The French pilot shrugged in characteristic French fashion. Ah, these mad Americans with their unaccountable desire for speed!

Why should any one, he asked of the world in

general, desire to risk his neck flying at night over the unlighted mountains of Germany, when his plane was not equipped for such a flight, and there were comfortable accommodations, excellent beer, and charming female companionship to be had at Cologne. Surely, seven, eight hours' delay could not be of great consequence. *Non, Messieurs*, it is impossible. Messieurs began to grow peevish, but due to their limited command of French profanity were unable to do more than indicate the fact.

How the situation might have developed will never be known, for at that moment a German officer who had been inspecting the airplane's papers came forward with a guard and interrupted the conversation. For five minutes the air was redolent with French and German, with frequent interpolations in English. In the end a portentous announcement was made: Pierre Delisle was under arrest and his plane confiscated!

Wells and Evans looked at each other in amazement. Then the reason penetrated Wells's benumbed brain:

As the result of the severe clauses pertaining to the development of aircraft inserted into the Versailles Treaty, Germany retaliated by refusing to allow French planes to fly over any part of German territory. No force was ever resorted to,

but whenever French planes ignored the German law and flew over Germany and were forced to land, the pilots were arrested, their planes confiscated, and heavy fines imposed before a release was effected. France retaliated by according similar treatment to German pilots and planes.

The result of this situation was that while Germany developed air routes with Holland, England, Russia, and other nations, any one desiring to travel from Paris to Berlin, or vice versa, by air was forced to go via Belgium and Holland.

Negotiations to end the farce were first opened about two years ago and at intervals conferences were held without being productive of results, and the bitter feeling which the controversy had engendered since the war was in no wise alleviated. Early in May, 1926, the conferees again met in Paris and after great disputation signed a convention resuming air relations between the two countries. It was agreed that French airplanes should be permitted to fly over Germany and German airplanes should fly over France, without fear of confiscation in the event of a forced landing; that one French commercial plane could land daily in Germany and one German plane land daily in France; that there should be reciprocal use of each other's landing areas; and that the Allies' restrictions

covering the size and other structural details of German commercial planes were, by mutual consent, abolished.

These facts Wells recalled. The Farman plane in which he and Evans had arrived was the second French commercial plane to land in Germany on June 22, the regular plane having arrived some six hours before. The Air Union had therefore violated the terms of the agreement and the Germans were entirely within their rights in arresting the pilot and confiscating the plane, but to the observer it appeared to be an absurd action to take.

While Evans and Wells felt some concern over the fate of Delisle, it was evident that he could be of no further use to them and that diplomacy must act to secure his and his plane's release. They immediately turned to the Luft Hansa organization for assistance. Captain Müller, in charge of the company's interests at Cologne, was appealed to and he promptly communicated with Schmidt-Rex, in Berlin, by telephone.

Schmidt-Rex, who had been keenly interested in the race from the moment he and Wells had first conferred about it, immediately ordered a single-motored Junker prepared for a night flight to Magdeburg, Germany, 400 kilometres distant and 200 kilometres from Berlin. In a few minutes the

PILOT PIERRE DELISLE, WHO FLEW THE RACERS FROM PARIS TO COLOGNE AND WAS ARRESTED BY THE GERMAN AUTHORITIES

Pilot Delisle was killed in the crash of his Channel plane on Romney Marsh, England, August 18, 1926, when two passengers also perished.

plane was rolled out of the hangar and onto the field; gas, oil, and water were supplied, and it was on the line, ready for flight, with Captain Schneider at the stick and a mechanician beside him.

With their baggage at their feet in the comfortable cabin, Evans and Wells waved good-bye to Cologne and at 7.43 P.M. took off on what was to be a nerve-racking 400-kilometre flight over the mountains to Magdeburg.

At best, night flying is uncomfortable. Twelve hours had elapsed since the globe-trotters left the Aquitania, and by automobile and airplane they had covered about 750 kilometres, with 600 kilometres still to be negotiated within the very short space of six hours, and 200 kilometres of this distance must be done by automobile, between Magdeburg and Berlin.

They had been up since dawn and aside from a light breakfast had not partaken of a mouthful of food. Their nerves were in somewhat overwrought condition, due to the uncertainty of winning through to Berlin in time to make their connection with the plane for Königsberg.

The sun dropped behind the western horizon and the pair marveled at the beauty of the sunset, then watched a brilliant full moon rise. This added to their peace of mind, although it did not improve

the eerie scene below: low, rugged mountains, covered with trees and shrubs, without a possible landing place being visible. Minutes passed as Captain Schneider navigated the Junker through the darkness. Far off in the distance the lights of a small village, nestling in some fertile valley, would be picked up, watched for a time, and abandoned for others.

Nine-thirty! By this time the travelers had rested somewhat and were counting the minutes. One hour more and their plane would be safely on the airdrome at Magdeburg. The two men, loafing in the cabin of the plane behind the pilot's cockpit, had relaxed and were discussing the day's activities. Then —

There was a flash of flame! For an instant it lighted up the cabin, blinding them. Wells said later that he thought a meteor had flashed past. Instead, it came from the exhaust stack, sticking straight up through the engine cowling, flaring back into the faces of the pilot and mechanician, causing them to duck. It brought Evans and Wells to the edge of their seat.

The plane lurched, sideslipped, and began to fall, as the motor cut out. For what seemed an eternity, but in reality was only a few seconds, the ship staggered downward through space, out of control.

Then the pilot brought it to an even keel, the motor sputtered a few times and began to hum with rhythmic regularity.

'Enough of this,' Wells muttered, leaning over and beginning to paw through the effects on the floor. He resurrected Evans's parachute, removed it from its envelope, and assisted him into it. Then out came his own and Evans helped him adjust the intricate harness. There was no telling what might happen, but they were prepared.

These two parachutes had been purchased expressly for use during the hazardous Moscow–Omsk flight, which was to be over dangerous territory; and it had not occurred to either of the men to wear them. But with the exhaust threatening to set the plane afire and the motor cutting out while the ship wobbled precariously over an unlighted mountainous section, discretion seemed to be the better part of valor, and it was with a feeling of relief that the racers settled themselves back on to their seat, their parachutes adjusted.

Evans tentatively tried the door leading on to the right wing, but it was locked. Later he said that he wondered how quickly Wells could get through the left-hand door, if it became necessary to jump, and doubted the fact that his associate would get through first, despite his proximity to it. But it

did not become necessary to put the 'chutes to use, although both men would have done so without hesitation had necessity demanded.

Out on to the wing, an instant's hesitation, then off into space, with the right hand reaching under the left arm for the metal ring attached to the rip-cord.

'One-two-three,' counted slowly, then a jerk at the ring and what was once a man, but is then only a mass of human flesh and bones tumbling through space at a terrific speed, hopes devoutly that the little pilot 'chute has emerged from its resting-place, been caught by the onrushing wind, and is opening the yards of carefully folded silk which will soon spread out like a giant mushroom and slowly lower its living burden to the ground.

When Evans and Wells decided to purchase these parachutes, the newspaper man communicated by telephone with a representative of the company which manufactures them. Among other questions, Wells asked:

'You guarantee that these 'chutes have been tested?'

'Absolutely,' came the reply. 'We couldn't afford to send one out and have it fail to open in an emergency.'

'Neither could we,' Wells said with deep feeling.

It was at 10.20 that the lights of Magdeburg were picked up and a few seconds later signals fired from Véry pistols enabled the pilot to locate the landing field, where a score of men were in position with flares to form a horizon and simplify landing. At 10.25 Captain Schneider had made a perfect three-point landing and the world racers were being received by representatives of the Luft Hansa organization.

Schmidt-Rex had provided a motor car for the 200-kilometre ride to Berlin and at 10.40 Evans and Wells were in the back seat and racing toward their destination at fifty miles an hour. This trip was by far the most uncomfortable the racers had taken that day, for it was unusually cold, the top was down, and the pair had only light overcoats for protection. Village after village flashed past as the car roared through the night, and at 1.15 the outskirts of Berlin were reached. The car eased through the heavy night traffic of the lovely German capital, flitted past the Tiergarten, through the Brandenburg Thor into Unter den Linden, and thence on to the Wilhelmstrasse for the last few minutes' ride to the Kaiserhoff Hotel, where Schmidt-Rex, other Luft Hansa officials, and newspaper men were awaiting them. The time was 1.40 A.M., June 23. The racers were seven hours and

fifty minutes behind their previously arranged schedule, but nevertheless they were in Berlin in sufficient time to make the very vital connection with the Königsberg plane.

They were tired, they were dirty, they were hungry, and they were sleepy. But there was no time to alleviate any of these conditions, and after a few minutes of conversation the entire party piled into motor cars and raced for the Tempelhofer Feld where a giant three-motored Junker was on the line, its engines idling, its pilot and passengers anxious to be under way for Danzig, the first stop.

But there were pictures to be taken, questions to be answered, instructions to be given, and it was not until 2.35 A.M. that the great mechanical bird left the ground and was winging its way through the darkness toward the Free City of Danzig.

CHAPTER IV

The sun was just rising when Evans tapped Wells on the shoulder and pointed out the window. The reporter abandoned the story of the previous day's happenings, which he had been attempting to write, and turned his gaze in the direction indicated by his friend.

A thousand feet below he saw a curious sight. Huge block letters several hundred feet high and leaning against the slope of a steep hill spelled the words DANZIG 1854. The size of the words was impressive, but stranger still was the fact that the letters and figures had been cut out of a thick forest and were formed by gigantic trees! How many years it had taken to create this unique arrangement of letters the travelers never found out, but certainly neither had ever seen anything during their travels to parallel it.

Wearier than ever the world racers were landed at Danzig at 5.25 A.M., and when the plane resumed its eastward flight ten minutes later they were the only passengers, the others having been left behind. The giant ship cruised easily along the air channels above the Bay of Danzig, which flows into

the Baltic, and at 6.30 A.M. landed safely on the airdrome at Königsberg, in East Prussia. The flight from Berlin had been made without threatened mishap and had been completed on schedule, despite the thirty-five-minute delay in starting. The comfort of the trip made a decided impression upon Evans who voiced the hope that in the not-distant future similar machines would be winging their way across the fertile expanses of America. Less than four hours had been required to complete comfortably and safely a journey which necessitates twelve hours of travel by train.

After leaving Königsberg the next stop of the racers was to be at Smolensk, in Russia, and passport inspection was again submitted to. The clock was advanced another hour at this point and within a few minutes the race would be resumed, this time in a Fokker machine, equipped with a Rolls-Royce engine. The three-motored ship which had flown from Berlin remained at Königsberg until the afternoon, picked up the passengers who arrived from Moscow, and returned to Berlin.

With the arrival of Evans and Wells at Königsberg, the first record of the trip was established, they having reached this point from New York in the shortest space of time ever recorded, and from there eastward every point of contact was to wit-

JUST BEFORE THE NIGHT START FROM BERLIN
Evans in right foreground; Wells in light coat in center

ness a material reduction in the record for speedy travel from New York eastward.

At 7.55 A.M. the Fokker was under way and with Evans and Wells as its only passengers, speeding across Eastern Prussia. Flying across this section of the globe one hardly needed a map to determine geographical boundaries. Simply by looking at the terrain below one could almost judge when the green, cultivated fields of Prussia were left behind and the barren, poverty-stricken, war-ravaged lands of Lithuania came into view. From their seats of vantage in the cabin of the plane, the travelers looked wearily down upon the vast expanse of sun-baked countryside and marveled how any one could exist within its confines.

Kaunas finally came into view, but the plane did not land, and the racers were unable to pay their respects to the American Consul, Mr. Carlson, and his wife, or to the officials who had so courteously treated the newspaper man and young Evans on the occasion of their visit in February. The plane swooped down over the field and the mechanician tossed out a pouch containing mail, then it was back on its course and racing toward Moscow.

Lithuania was left behind, a narrow strip of Polish territory crossed, and about noon the travelers were in Russia, roaring over small villages at better

than 170 kilometres an hour. Shortly before one o'clock the mechanician rose from his seat and drew heavy linen curtains across the windows of the cabin.

Evans and Wells looked at each other.

'Must be going to land,' said Evans. Wells nodded.

Linen curtains do not always serve the purpose for which they are drawn, so the two men each risked an eye to see what was going on below.

There was a dusty road with perhaps a hundred horse-drawn carts, with men and women seated on or trudging slowly beside them. Off in the distance were the spires of a small village. Almost beneath was a large area which obviously was the landing field at Smolensk. The pilot banked his machine, and as it turned, a great hangar came into view, and around it were more than a score of airplanes, military ships of various designs. Russia evidently was not neglecting the development of an air force nor ignoring the potential advantages of locating a portion of it at a strategical point. Behind the hangar was a rifle range upon which several hundred Red soldiers were industriously practicing marksmanship.

The airdrome was a large one, and the hangar of the Deruluft company was on the opposite side of the field from those of the military. Before this

hangar the Fokker stopped at precisely 1.00 P.M., and Evans and Wells climbed stiffly out of the cabin and prepared to undergo more passport and baggage inspection. Their passports were taken from them, but instead of baggage inspection an official appeared with wire and seals and promptly sealed up everything, after which it was stowed in the fuselage.

The racers had not partaken of food up until this time and they had been hopeful of securing a fairly palatable meal at Smolensk. In this they were disappointed, for the slovenly woman who presided over a little shack at the edge of the field could only supply tea, for which, after all, they were grateful. Meanwhile, Soviet officials were conducting a rigid examination of the plane. Every possible hiding-place was inspected, and in the end the gas tanks were drained and sounded for contraband articles. However, nothing was found, the gas tanks were refilled, oil and water supplied, and after a fifty-minute delay the plane took to the air again. The time was 2.50 P.M., the clock having been advanced another hour.

According to schedule three hours and thirty minutes are necessary to complete the journey from Smolensk to Moscow, but knowing who his passengers were, the pilot 'revved' up his motor to

such an extent that he delivered the racers safely at their destination in two hours and ten minutes, landing them on the great airdrome at Moscow at 5.00 P.M., June 23, one hour ahead of schedule!

By far the most enthusiastic reception the travelers had thus far received was given them at Moscow. Soviet officialdom in all of its phases was represented. Anna Louise Strong, an American newspaper woman, was the first to reach their side, and she promptly made the presentations and translated the greetings of welcome expressed. Dr. Davidoff, of Deruluft, was present with his wife and to him Evans and Wells expressed their admiration for the remarkable manner in which he and his associates were operating the Deruluft route over which they had just flown.

Members of the Aviakhim or 'Friends of Aviation' Society, the semi-official flying organization which had contracted to fly the racers from Moscow to Omsk, were on hand in great numbers, and a half-hour was devoted to the taking of pictures and general discussion regarding the possibilities of completing the flight successfully. By this time the baggage had been removed from the plane and transferred to a near-by office and to this the globe-trotters adjourned to undergo the necessary inspection.

There was great argument, of course, over the cameras and film, particularly in view of the fact that the permit which Wood had finally secured from the Cinema Monopoly provided only for one motion-picture camera and four thousand feet of film. As a precaution, the travelers had brought an extra camera. Then, too, there was some doubt as to the advisability of releasing the cameras without first sealing them, but the officials were finally argued out of this idea, and in thirty minutes' time all baggage had been inspected and given clearance.

The Government Inspector for Civil Aviation then approached the Americans and asked to know the weight of the baggage they were carrying. Wells hazarded a guess, which resulted in that official announcing that, aside from themselves, the pilot and mechanician, not more than thirty kilos, about sixty-eight pounds, could be taken in the plane in which they were to fly the following day. This was necessary, due to the great amount of gasoline the plane was to carry in order to reach its first stop.

The racers were in somewhat of a quandary as to what to leave and what to carry. In the end it was decided that the absolute limit which could be carried was four hundred pounds. Wells and Evans stepped on the scales and it was found they together weighed 302 pounds, which left 98 pounds

for baggage. All the baggage was placed on the scales and the result showed 150 pounds. Piece by piece was removed, and at last the racers were forced to decide to abandon the parachutes they had purchased solely for this particular flight. With them went one motion-picture camera, some film, and several other articles.

While aboard the Aquitania an invitation to attend a banquet had been received and declined, for it was felt that at Moscow the intervening hours between arrival and departure should be devoted to sleeping. But having arrived at the Soviet capital, there was no evading the issue. The 'Friends of Aviakhim' insisted upon playing hosts and the racers reluctantly agreed to devote an hour to a dinner. In faith, they were hungry enough to have eaten shoe-leather, not having swallowed food for more than thirty hours; but, too, they were exceedingly tired and bed held more appeal than a banquet.

More than an hour and a half had elapsed when they were bundled into a car for a quick sightseeing tour of Moscow, which finally ended at the Bolshaya Moscowskaya and they were shown to the two rooms formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Wood. The 'Chicago Daily News' correspondent was away at Geneva, reporting the battles of the

disarmament conference. In fact, aside from Miss Strong and Chamberlin, of the 'Christian Science Monitor,' who came in for a story, virtually all the foreign correspondents had deserted Moscow for the summer. The Knickerbockers were wandering around Europe; Jim Mills was somewhere in the Balkans.

The dinner, it had been agreed, should start at seven, but it was almost that hour when the two Americans finally escaped from their hosts and prepared for hurried ablutions, which they welcomed joyously. A hot bath and shave, a change of linen, and their tired feeling disappeared as if by magic.

By eight o'clock the party was in a private dining-room partaking of the exotic Russian dishes placed before them, and Evans and Wells were being acquainted with plans for the next day's flight, the successful completion of which they anticipated would mean success or failure.

'These people are intensely serious about this,' Miss Strong informed Evans, 'and they have been working like Trojans to insure its success. Your pilot and mechanician are said to be the two best in Russia, and since the agreement was signed they have been doing nothing else but preparing for the flight. The plane and motor are in good condition,

I've been told, and all along the route members of the Society have been instructed to look out for and assist you.'

Inquiries regarding the weather indicated that, aside from threatened light rain-storms, no setbacks might be expected.

'But it's fortunate you didn't arrive a few days ago,' declared Dr. Davidoff. 'We had terrific storms all over the country.'

Wells inquired of the Deruluft director regarding the possibilities of making the flight successfully. Davidoff shrugged.

'You have a good plane and pilot,' he said. 'With reasonably good weather I should say you have seventy-five chances out of a hundred of getting through. Besides, you have a lucky face.'

There was general laughter over this observation, and Wells told about Evans's finding a four-leaf clover while they were waiting at Smolensk.

'Then you surely will get through safely,' Mrs. Davidoff predicted.

The success of such a hitherto unattempted flight as this they were about to take, the Americans were told, would mean a great deal to Russia and the development of aviation, and every flying enthusiast in the country was watching the attempt with keen interest. If it were made without mis-

BASIL KOPULOF, WHO FLEW THE PLANE
FROM MOSCOW TO OMSK

EVANS WITH THE COMMISSAR AT OMSK

hap, Davidoff predicted, it would assist materially toward opening an air route between Europe and Asia.

Wells was unable to eat more than the soup which was placed before him; he had gone so long without food that he now had no desire to eat. Besides, more than a hundred newspapers had been neglected during the preceding thirty hours, as evidenced by the cabled complaint which had been handed to him upon landing. But there had been no time to write or file stories, so he begged to be excused and adjourned to his room, leaving Evans to be entertained.

Subsequent to the newspaper man's departure, he learned later, Evans was almost drowned in a flood of Soviet propaganda. They knew of him as a responsible business man in America and lost no opportunity to impress upon him the desirability and reliability of a government such as that existing in Russia to-day. The Detroiter listened with one ear and allowed the information to pass out the other. But perhaps he might have believed all he was told had he remained in the room long enough.

The Russians have a beverage known as vodka. It is virtually colorless, but potent and potable, with an alcoholic content of forty per cent. Until

1925 Russia experimented with prohibition, but eventually recognized the futility of trying to keep a man from drinking when he wants a drink, and nationalized the liquor business. The result has been satisfactory from every standpoint. Instead of drinking poisonous liquor sold by bootleggers who overrun the country, the man who wants vodka goes to a Government store, makes his purchase at a reasonable cost, and goes home and drinks it, secure in the knowledge that it is pure. He is happier and healthier and the Government's revenue has been increased.

Evans had never experimented with vodka. In fact, he drinks but rarely, his favorite beverage being plain water. During the dinner, as is the custom, vodka was served to the guests in small liqueur glasses and Evans tasted of it and let it go at that. There was aerated water on the table, but the Detroiter yearned for a glass of pure water. He mentioned his desire to Miss Strong who pointed to a decanter and said it contained boiled water. Evans filled a tumbler and proceeded to drink half of it before the fiery liquid made itself felt and he realized that he had drunk vodka and not water! The effects were almost disastrous, but eventually they wore off and he returned to normalcy.

As time passed the prospects for sleep percep-

tibly faded. It was eleven o'clock before Evans escaped from the dinner and fifteen minutes after that when Wells filed the last of his dispatch to London. And they were to leave the hotel at one o'clock in the morning and take off on their two-thousand-mile flight to Omsk at one-thirty. The intervening time was devoted to repacking their baggage. They would sleep in the plane surely, they *thought.*

Shortly after one o'clock Miss Strong and members of the Aviakhim called for them, their baggage was carried to the street and placed in the car, and they were racing over the cobblestone-paved streets of this once beautiful city of the Muscovites toward the air field.

Despite the early hour there was a large crowd of officials and Red soldiers at the airdrome. All stared curiously at the two Americans who were about to risk their lives in attempting the hazardous flight to Omsk. Ah, these Americans! their attitude seemed to say.

Evans and Wells had already met the pilot and mechanician who were to be responsible for their flight and had found them to be quiet, unassuming young men with an air of capability which there was no ignoring. The pilot, Basil Kopuloff, they were told, although young in years was old in

experience. Only twenty-eight years old, he had been flying more than twelve years and was considered among the best in Russia. H. Kloloko, it appeared, was sufficiently well acquainted with the mechanical side of flying to make repairs in the dark while blindfolded, if need be. The racers felt no particular concern over the human element which entered into the flight; nor had they cause for worry about the equipment.

The huge plane which was rolled out of its hangar on to the field shortly after their arrival was a Junker, apparently in the best condition, and its motor power was provided by a Rolls-Royce engine as mechanically perfect as man could make it. In the enclosed cabin an auxiliary tank of huge proportions had been installed to carry the extra heavy load of gasoline necessary to reach the first scheduled landing place. The racers noted with a feeling of amusement that the Russians had taken the precaution to paint and hang up before them a large sign with great black letters which read: 'NO SMOKING!' It was hardly likely that, with 150 gallons of high-test gasoline within two feet of them and the cabin filled with its fumes, the two men would risk being blown to Kingdom Come for the sake of a cigarette, but the Russians were taking no chances.

Careful attention was given to the distribution of the small amount of baggage the racers were now carrying, but at last everything was arranged to the satisfaction of the inspector and pilot. Evans and Wells made their farewells, expressed their thanks and admiration for the efficient manner in which the Russians and others had so far carried out their plans, and climbed into the cabin.

The motor was functioning with beautiful precision, but nevertheless Kloloko, the mechanician, gave it another inspection while Kopuloff, the pilot, tested his controls. At last, all was in readiness for the flight. The inspector raised his hand, the revolutions of the propeller increased until the noise was almost deafening, and with a cloud of dust hiding the group of onlookers behind, the Junker left the line, started slowly across the airdrome, gained speed, and, after a half-dozen attempts, managed to get clear of the ground with its heavy load. The momentous flight from Moscow was on!

It was 1.58 A.M., June 24.

CHAPTER V

At the moment when the Junker left the ground at Moscow, the regular weekly train operating over the Trans-Siberian Railway was twenty-eight hours ahead of the world racers, and maintaining an average speed of thirty miles an hour over the great Russian plain to the east.

While the Americans hoped to reach Omsk, the capital of Siberia, by a one-day flight, this was not essential, for they had a comfortable margin of safety. The train which they had to catch did not leave Omsk until 3.34 P.M. local time, June 25. This meant 12.24 P.M. Moscow time. They therefore had thirty-four hours in which to cover something over two thousand miles of dangerous flying country, at an average speed of one hundred miles an hour. This speed, however, could not be maintained, because of the heavy load the plane was carrying, if head-winds were encountered; and if they should be so fortunate as to encounter a tail-wind it might be slightly increased. But the danger attendant upon such a flight was the lack of landing fields.

In preparing for the flight the Russians had located four possible landing fields over the route.

One was at Kazan, about six hours east of Moscow; the next was at Krasno-ufimsk, ten hours to the east; the third at Kurgan, six hours east of Krasno-ufimsk; and the last at Omsk, the travelers' destination, five and a half hours east of Kurgan.

None of the fields was better than the average emergency landing field in America, and except for the one at Omsk, all had been specially prepared for the flight the world racers were making. The field at Kazan was smaller than the others and it was thought dangerous to attempt a landing and subsequent hop-off, due to the heaviness of the load. It was therefore decided that, except if necessity demanded, Kazan would be passed up and an attempt made to reach Krasno-ufimsk without stopping. This meant a non-stop flight of ten hours, under the most favorable conditions. And to make it the plane was carrying sufficient gasoline for a flight of eleven hours. Huge drums of gasoline had previously been sent to Kazan, Krasno-ufimsk, Kurgan, and Omsk, and for nearly two weeks men, women, and children had been industriously clearing and leveling the open areas which had been selected as landing fields.

After leaving the ground at Moscow, Kopuloff circled around the field several times, gradually gaining altitude, and on the third attempt he was

able to clear the high-tension wires which barred his passage. Having done so, he took his departure and set his course due east toward the rose-tinted horizon, above which a blood-red sun was soon to show its perimeter.

Dawn comes early and night late in the northern latitudes at that season of the year. Evans and Wells had seen the shades of darkness drawn about eleven o'clock the night before; and now, at two o'clock, it was dawn, and sufficiently light to read the maps with which they had been provided.

Moscow lay like a dream city beneath them, the spires and minarets of a portion of its sixteen hundred cathedrals dimly visible in the haze which hung over the city. Like a giant snake the Moscow River curved its way through the city, past the Kremlin with its ornamented structures of incomparable architectural beauty, through neglect now threatening to enter a state of decay. The first rays of the sun kissed the golden dome of a cathedral as the plane roared past, and before the travelers realized it Moscow was behind them and the vast Russian plain ahead.

Wells looked at Evans and Evans looked at Wells.

'Well, here we are!' the Detroiter shouted, making himself heard above the roar of the motor.

ARRIVAL AT OMSK

AT THE RAILWAY STATION, OMSK

The Commissar at the left, Evans with the motion-picture camera, and Great Northern Telegraph Company representatives

Wells nodded sleepily. 'We'll either have won or lost in a few more hours,' he said, trying to adjust his body for a comfortable nap, and failing.

Thousands of people have traveled across Russia and Siberia, but it is seldom given to two men to experience the thrills and witness the amazing sights the racers did during that spectacular flight.

The weather was perfect during the major portion of the trip to Krasno-ufimsk. And aside from a slight head-wind the plane followed its course at a speed approximating a hundred miles an hour. Visibility was good and the travelers were able to get a bird's-eye view of this great country. Evans was particularly interested in the economic possibilities of the territory being flown over and for hours he devoted himself to the pastime of studying the scenes below.

A good portion of the country was under cultivation, the fields being laid out symmetrically, as far as the eye could see. There were great forests of conifers and birch, representing countless millions of feet of timber, stretching for hundreds of miles. Occasionally the forests gave way to farms, and sometimes the country was about equally divided between forests and farms. The method of reforestration held an especial interest for the Detroit business man.

It became evident as the trip progressed that the forests are cut under Government supervision, and with a foresight seldom found in other countries. In every instance it was observed that strips about one thousand feet wide and of undetermined length had been cleared, leaving a standing strip equally wide, then another cleared space, and another strip of standing timber. Young trees were springing up in the cleared spaces, indicating that the Russians have, by their method of cutting, ably provided for reforestration.

The communal villages were also viewed with interest, for the Russian peasant has, in a measure, solved the problem of isolated farm life. His home is one of a number of houses forming a village and is built in the form of a rectangle-enclosure, containing his living quarters, outhouses, and a small courtyard. During the season when agricultural development is possible he works his farm, which is a mile or so distant; and throughout the long, cold winters he remains at home, with the necessities of life within reach, and devotes his time to the manufacture of such articles as he and his family need and are unable to purchase.

'The potential wealth of this country is amazing,' Evans exclaimed, after having been absorbed in the scene for several hours. 'God knows how many

millions there are in timber lands, and properly developed agriculturally, Russia could feed the world.'

The newspaper man nodded agreement. 'Not only that,' he asserted, 'but the quantities of coal, gold, and other precious metals in Russia and Siberia are beyond belief. The Lena River and Amur gold fields are the wealthiest in the world — unquestionably; the problem is to get it out.'

'But Russia won't allow foreign capital to come in and develop these natural resources,' Evans declared.

'Wouldn't,' Wells corrected. 'These chaps in Moscow are sensibly beginning to realize that the millennium isn't here and is not likely to be so long as human nature is what it is, and there seems to be no sign that it will change; they realize that a nation can't be run in violation of every economic law, that if the present ruble is to be kept from following in the path of the old Sovznak ruble the outside capital which they profess to despise must be admitted and placed to work developing natural resources. And this outside capital is now being solicited and obtained.'

'By what means is the ruble being maintained at par?' Evans asked.

'At the outset,' the reporter replied, 'it was guaranteed partly by gold, platinum, and foreign

bank notes, and partly by good short-term securities and bills of exchange. But those securities have been dissipated to a large extent, and while the people are beginning to lose confidence in it, the State Bank has managed to maintain its value at fifty-one and eight-tenths cents. Outside of Russia it isn't worth anything. The Soviet Government has to pay cash for about everything it buys, and the securities it now has won't last long. They're even disposing of the Crown jewels.'

'But what about the returns from exports?'

'All right as far as they go,' Wells said, 'but there's darned little to export. The peasant is getting tired of turning his crops over to the Government and getting nothing back in return. The result is he's growing just about enough for his own needs, and manufacturing about everything else he requires. He's resourceful and easily pleased, anyway. Meanwhile, the Government is faced by a steadily increasing excess of imports over exports, with no money to cover. The result is, a lot of crazy ideas about the equality of man and the autocratic rulership of capitalism have been cast overboard. Of course, Moscow isn't going to abandon its ideas all at once; it couldn't without losing face, which might mean disaster; but it's swinging slowly to the right.'

'In other words,' said Evans, 'the lurid red has faded to a deep pink, and will eventually turn white.'

'Exactly,' agreed Wells.

'Well, anyway,' Evans declared, 'they've treated us fine.'

'Why shouldn't they?' demanded the reporter. 'It's good publicity.'

Nigni-Novgorod came into view and was soon left behind. The next city of any size was Kazan, where an emergency field had been cleared. Shortly before eight o'clock the pilot pointed toward the east, and the church spires of Kazan, nestling along the banks of the Oka River, were observed. While the motor had not missed once during the long, six-hour flight, the racers thought Kopuloff might land and replenish his gas supply. Evans motioned downward, but the pilot nodded negatively and pointed ahead. Four hours more were to elapse before the travelers were to set foot on the ground at Krasno-ufimsk, nestling in the Ural Mountains, and during those four hours almost anything might happen. Should a forced landing become necessary the race was as good as lost. The racers would be miles away from the nearest railroad without any means of transportation to reach it, even though they were uninjured and could utilize it. The outlook was not conducive to peace of mind.

Hour after hour passed slowly by. By this time the two men were indescribably tired and their present inactivity made them more so. Sleepy as they were, they could do no more than doze for a few minutes at a time, what with the roar of the motor and the bumpiness of the air lane. So they simply sat and stared out of the window or tried to converse at the top of their voices.

About 12.15 Wells recalled to mind that Krasno-ufimsk was scheduled to be reached about that time. A short time before the plane had reached the foothills leading toward the Urals and was now well on its way across them, headed directly for a rain-storm, and bucking a moderate head-wind. Evans thought of it at about the same time and mentioned the fact to Wells.

'We must be pretty near to Krasno-ufimsk,' he said.

'Just about,' the reporter agreed, wondering about the eleven-hour gas supply in the tanks and mentally calculating the time which had elapsed since leaving Moscow. Ten hours and twenty-five minutes!

By this time the plane was in the center of the electrical storm which had been threatening for some minutes. The visibility was so poor one could see little farther than a hundred yards in any direc-

tion. The cabin windows were streaked with water; the plane was covered with it; shafts of lightning flashed across the misty skies; a clap of thunder was heard above the roar of the engine. The pilot and mechanician were to be seen peering anxiously over the side of the plane, almost each minute being forced to withdraw their heads and wipe their goggles clear of water.

'I don't think he knows where he is,' Evans observed about twelve-thirty-five.

'It looks that way,' Wells admitted, thinking of the parachutes which had been left behind in Moscow.

Two more anxious minutes passed.

'How much gas did we have?' Evans asked.

'Eleven hours',' replied the reporter.

His friend looked at his watch.

'We've been out ten hours and thirty-nine minutes, already,' he announced.

'Well, a lot can happen in twenty-one minutes,' Wells said with an assurance which he did not particularly feel.

During the previous ten minutes the pilot had changed course several times, veering sharply to the left and then to the right. But still there was no sign of human habitation. There was nothing but steep, tree-covered hills rising from narrow val-

leys, the bottoms of which could barely be distinguished through the mist.

'I don't like this,' the Detroiter asserted.

'Neither do I,' Wells said; 'but it's not going to do us any good to worry about it. If we have to pile into one of these hills, then we'll have to do it, and no amount of worrying is going to help the situation.'

'Good way to look at it,' agreed Evans, settling back into his corner and peering through the wet window. 'There's a river,' he said, pointing. 'Is Krasno-ufimsk on a river?' Both hurriedly inspected a map. Krasno-ufimsk was on a river. But was it on this one? Both men devoutly hoped it was.

The plane nosed down slightly and Wells looked at the pilot and saw him point. The mechanician stared over the side, withdrew his head and nodded.

'We're there!' shouted the reporter.

'Where?' demanded Evans.

'Krasno-ufimsk, you idiot.'

'I know that — but where is it?'

'Somewhere ahead,' said Wells. 'I saw Kopuloff point and Kloloko looked over the side and nodded his head.'

Ignoring the rain, the two men opened windows and looked out. Surely enough, there was a small village a mile or two ahead, and within a minute

STREET SCENE IN MUKDEN, MANCHURIA

A COBBLER OF MUKDEN

the plane was above it and roaring on toward an open area just visible beyond.

'That must be the field,' said Wells.

'Funniest-looking field I ever saw,' said Evans. 'It's got a fence around it.'

'Damned if it hasn't,' said Wells. 'I wonder what's the idea?' And just as the idea penetrated his brain, the fence seemed to fall apart and run in all directions.

'When we piled into Multan, India, during the world flight,' Wells announced, 'they did the very same thing. Only that time it was to enable us to locate the field through a sandstorm.'

Kopuloff circled the small field once, estimated the direction of the wind, and at 12.50 P.M. set the wheels of the Junker on its soggy surface, and splashing water in every direction, taxied toward the great crowd which had formed the human fence and identified the field.

Ten hours and fifty-two minutes had been required to complete the flight, but it had been made safely and half the battle was won.

CHAPTER VI

At least three thousand pairs of eyes stared at the two Americans when they almost fell out of the door of the cabin. Both men's muscles were so cramped they could hardly stand. For two or three minutes they stamped on the wet ground and kicked their legs in all directions before a feeling of stability returned to them.

Any other crowd would have been amused at these antics. But not so the thousands of men, women, and children who were being herded by the militia into a great circle around the plane. They simply stared, pointed, and talked among themselves. But there was no laughter. The lack of this happy faculty to express amusement or delight had before impressed itself upon the travelers; they were to observe it all the time they traveled through the country. Laughter is as rare in the Russia of to-day as snow in the tropics.

Two huge drums mounted on a horse-drawn cart were standing at the edge of the field, and these were soon in position beside the plane. But before the task of refueling commenced, the mechanician drained the gas tanks and showed the result to the racers.

Less than three gallons remained! And the motor was burning more than twenty gallons an hour! Another disaster narrowly averted, for had not Kopuloff located the field within another ten minutes a dangerous forced landing would have resulted.

A steady downpour of rain began, but this did not dampen the ardor of the onlookers. They continued to watch the giant plane, walking around and at a distance inspecting it from every angle. It was the first airplane many of them had ever seen. Dozens of other residents were observed racing across the fields, and before the plane eventually took to the air it was probable that the entire population of Krasno-ufimsk was present. The rain abated after a time and the slow process of refueling by hand began. While this operation was being completed, Evans and Wells took out their camera and shot motion pictures. There was some aversion at first on the part of many of the spectators to pose, but curiosity got the better of them, and they began jostling each other to get into camera range.

By this time Evans and Wells were ravenously hungry. Not even their weariness could make them forget the pangs of hunger. Aside from a bowl of soup and tea, Wells had not eaten for more than two days; Evans had suffered likewise, for he had not

been able to do justice to the banquet at Moscow the previous evening. The pair made known their wants and several onlookers departed immediately toward the village, returning at great speed with a samovar filled with boiling water and a pail containing hot milk. Into this latter they dropped raw eggs and tendered it to the visitors. Fueling operations had already been completed, however, and there was not sufficient time to take seats on the enormous mat of goats' hair which had been spread on the ground and partake of the strange meal. Each man took two or three swallows of the warm, savory mixture and reluctantly climbed into the plane. One of their hosts rushed over to them and insisted they take a bag of raw eggs. These, it might be mentioned, were later used to decorate a section of the Ural Mountains landscape, for raw, unseasoned eggs hardly hold appeal for an empty stomach.

Kopuloff taxied his plane into position at the extreme end of the field, and, just before the other end of it was reached, succeeded in lifting its wheels off the ground and climbing to a safe altitude. It was 3.20 P.M., the clock having been advanced another hour, and one hour and thirty minutes lost in refueling. Despite the length of the day, it was obvious that Omsk could not be reached before

dark, so the racers resigned themselves to the prospect of remaining overnight at Kurgan, across the Urals, six hundred kilometres west of Omsk.

Despite the rain, strong head-winds, and certain knowledge that Kurgan could not be reached until just about dusk, the tired travelers found the trip deadly monotonous. They could not even arouse interest in the possibilities of a forced landing in the mountains. Conversation was abandoned and they simply sat and stared wearily through the windows.

The journey to Kurgan was made without threat of mishap, and here again, although the time was 10.05 P.M. when they landed on the outskirts of the city, Evans and Wells found a large crowd of Russians waiting to greet them. Members of the Aviakhim evinced great enthusiasm over the flight and, after installing the two men in a drosky, escorted them to the town's single hotel.

Here linguistic difficulties were encountered for the first time. Neither of the Americans could speak Russian; German didn't seem to get them very far; but at last a Frenchman appeared on the scene and their troubles ended. Following hurried ablutions the Frenchman, who was visiting the city temporarily, escorted them to a restaurant. It proved to be an open-air affair, well patronized by

natives and mosquitoes, but a delicious meal of pheasant, vegetables, and other comestibles was soon being devoured by the hungry travelers. In the garden adjoining the restaurant was a platform upon which was an orchestra, playing American jazz, out of time and out of tune, but American jazz withal.

'Jazz with a Russian movement,' Evans said with a smile.

The woman who ran the restaurant was of French origin and she was brought to the table by the Frenchman. For more than an hour the Americans devoted themselves industriously to the pleasurable occupation of satisfying the inner man, with frequent interruptions to answer questions propounded by the proprietress, or to return congratulatory greetings extended by some local official who paused at their table.

'Well,' the reporter said with a sigh, leaning back in his chair, 'that's finished. Now to grind out a story.'

'But you'd better get some rest,' Evans protested.

'Not much chance,' Wells replied. 'We're hopping off at three-thirty and it's eleven-thirty now. Maybe I can get in an hour's sleep, though.'

But he didn't. Stumbling over street obstructions in the darkness, the three men returned to

the hotel, and the reporter proceeded to describe the day's events, while his associate endeavored to woo slumber against the wishes of swarms of mosquitoes, and the Frenchman sat by and smoked innumerable cigarettes.

It was after midnight when the story was finished and then the Frenchman led Wells to the telegraph office where the operator was thrown into a state of confusion by the prospect of sending a two-hundred-word message written in English. He reluctantly accepted it, and by that time it was too late for the reporter to consider sleep. He was of the opinion that he would feel worse after an hour's slumber, so he and the Frenchman returned to the restaurant and consumed Russian beer until it was time to awaken Evans and the crew of the plane at two-thirty.

Accompanied by a small crowd and the local commissar, the party took droskies to the field where a squad of Red soldiers stood guard over the machine. Kloloko made an inspection, the motor was turned over, and at 3.44 A.M. the plane left the ground and was winging its way across Siberia toward Omsk.

Now that the travelers were well out of the Ural Mountains the topography of the country had changed, but nevertheless had a landing been neces-

sary the success of the flight would have been endangered. Great pools of water lay everywhere, evidence of the heavy rain-storms which had threatened to inundate the country during the two previous weeks.

There were four happy men in the Junker the morning when Omsk was first sighted. Kopuloff turned and motioned toward the east, a smile on his strained, grease- and dirt-stained features. His passengers stuck their heads out and there, ten miles distant, basking in the torrid mid-morning sun, lay Omsk. To reach this point they had expended thousands of dollars, endured unbelievable hardships, subjected themselves to tremendous mental and physical strain.

'It's all over but the shouting now,' Wells said gleefully, as he and Evans shook hands.

'Don't be too sure,' the older man cautioned. 'This race isn't finished until we reach Park Row, and a lot can happen between here and there.'

'You're a pessimist,' the newspaper man accused.

But he was to learn there was more truth in Evans's predictions than even that gentleman himself believed!

Kopuloff unhesitatingly found his way to the landing-field, and at 10.10 A.M., June 25, taxied his

RAILWAY STATION AND STATION HOTEL, MUKDEN, MANCHURIA
Where Evans and Wells met after being separated at Harbin

FROM THE HOTEL WINDOW, MUKDEN
The knot of people had been watching a street fight

plane to a stop before a crowd of Russian officials at Omsk.

It was a great day in the history of Russian aviation, and to quote press dispatches, 'all Russia celebrated the event' and it 'made a great impression upon Soviet officials and air technicians.'

None was happier than Evans and Wells and Kopuloff and Kloloko. The four men forgot they were tired, forgot they had risked their lives every inch of the way during the gruelling twenty-two hours they had been in the air. All that mattered at the moment was the success of the adventure. And they were like schoolboys.

The commissar at Omsk was the first to greet the travelers and he proclaimed their achievement to the world, then packed them bag and baggage into an automobile and hurried them through the hot, dusty streets to the Hôtel d'Europe, where they were shown into the best room.

Before long congratulatory messages began to pour in, for the news of the arrival had been instantly flashed to Moscow.

Unschlicht, acting head of the Soviet War Department, Sergius Kamenev, generalissimo of the Army, and Baranof, head of the Air Forces, sent telegrams expressing admiration for this exhibition

of 'enduring energy in creating a new and glorious page in Soviet aviation history.'

The Presidium of Moscow Transport Workers, of which the aviators form a section, wired Kopuloff that 'in the name of the twenty-three thousand transport workers of Moscow we commend your flight and are proud of you. Hail to the air workers!'

A shop committee of Aviakhim workers also telegraphed their comrades: 'The flight problem was not easy, for the machine was fully loaded and the trip made over a great and dangerous territory which few pilots would have dared penetrate. Aviakhim is proud of you!'

Subsequent reports from Moscow indicate that Soviet aviation organizations have unearthed their plans for a Trans-Siberian air service and the probability is that such a route will be opened during the summer of 1927.[1] The idea is not new, but the successful flight made by Evans and Wells proved its practicability and aroused sufficient interest in Government circles to insure official support, heretofore lacking.

[1] Subsequent advices received from Moscow informed the racers that, as the result of their flight, two planes left Moscow and flew without difficulty to Peking in three days, returning leisurely to the Soviet capital, charting the route, and laying out landing-fields. A London–Peking service will be inaugurated in May, 1927, six days being planned for the trip.

Leaving Evans in the hotel room, the commissar escorted Wells to the offices of the Great Northern Telegraph Company, which maintains an efficient service from Asia across Siberia and Russia to Europe. The reporter had to file a lengthy dispatch to the papers he represented and there were a score of private telegrams to be sent to dispel the fears and worries of friends and relatives, many of whom had exerted every effort to prevent the racers from attempting the flight from Moscow to the Siberian capital.

Wells was warmly welcomed by G. W. Soerensen, H. V. Pedersen, and Th. Tversted, who ably operate the important relay station at Omsk. Any one who has traveled extensively is aware that the Hollander and the Dane are the most accomplished linguists in the world. It was with considerable pleasure, therefore, that the newspaper man greeted the Danish representatives of the Great Northern Company, and the assistance rendered by all of them in clearing his messages over the Russian lines was invaluable.

By the time this was accomplished and the party had settled down to the serious occupation of drinking refreshing Russian beer, Evans appeared, having put his time to good use by shaving, bathing and changing. There were still four hours before

the Trans-Siberian train arrived, so Soerensen extended an invitation to lunch, which was accepted, and the party, augmented by Mrs. Soerensen and Mrs. Pedersen, and Kopuloff and Kloloko, adjourned to the hotel, where a thoroughly enjoyable meal was finally obtained.

Here the racers bade good-bye to their intrepid pilot and mechanician, and with the rest of the party drove to the station to await the arrival of the train, which was on time to the minute.

At 3.34 P.M. they were in their coupé and the train was pulling out of the station en route to Chita.

Fatigued though they were, Evans and Wells were supremely happy. Despite the pitfalls which Fortune had outrageously set for them, they had escaped every one and achieved their objective. More than that they had proved to the world that the airplane can be relied upon, which, after all, was the motivating reason behind the trip.

CHAPTER VII

Although virtually exhausted, neither Evans nor Wells sought sleep until eight o'clock that first night aboard the Trans-Siberian.

Their coupé was in the center of the coach and therefore the most desirable, and after having arranged their effects satisfactorily, they settled down to endure the monotony of five days of train travel. There was little to be done except eat, sleep, play cards, exercise along station platforms, and watch the fertile steppes of Siberia flash by.

Their next connection was at Manchou-li, on the Russo-Manchurian frontier, and there was little doubt but that they would make it. Wells had received an assurance from the Commissar for Transport at Moscow that if ever a train operated on schedule over the Trans-Siberian it would be the one upon which he and Evans traveled. And this, it might be mentioned, proved to be the case.

The racers had little cause to feel concern otherwise, for they were in possession of a certificate, written in Russian and bearing the official seal of the Government, which would command for them special transportation in the event an emergency

occurred. A translation of this highly ornamented document read:

'The bearers of the present, citizens of the United States of America, Mr. Linton Wells and Mr. Edward S. Evans, are attempting to encircle the globe with the shortest possible delay by utilizing the existing ways of communications.

'As a considerable part of the race of Mr. Linton Wells and Mr. Edward Evans is the passage from Vladivostok to Pogranichnaja and from Manchou-li to Moscow, on the territory of the U.S.S.R., the Railways Administration and Officials are requested to give every assistance to Mr. Wells and Mr. Evans during the time they are in the U.S.S.R. in order that they may be expeditiously transported through the U.S.S.R.

'In the event an emergency arises which makes necessary the use by Mr. Linton Wells and Mr. Edward Evans of a special train, officials are requested to do everything possible to place one in operation.'

The certificate was signed by 'Rudy, Member of the College and Chief of the Central Department of Transportation by Railways,' and by 'Vassilevski, Manager of Affairs of the Central Administration of Transportation by Railways.' Its efficacy was never tested.

The end of their first day aboard the train found the travelers refreshed after a night of restful sleep and a reasonably good breakfast. This first meal in the restaurant car was the forerunner of others which were to afford them intense amusement.

Neither of the men could command any great amount of Russian. Wells's vocabulary was limited to few more than a score of words of doubtful utility; Evans knew none, but promptly proceeded to remedy the defect by a careful study of those compendiums of useless information titled 'Russian Self Taught.' But this was after that first meal.

The Detroiter is firmly of the belief that the proper way to start the day right is by eating a hearty breakfast. Fruit, three-minute boiled eggs, and bacon and griddle cakes just about fill the bill for him. The fruit course took the form of an orange, for which a charge of forty-five cents was made. Then Wells, in his best Russian, ordered three-minute eggs, bacon, and hot cakes for his friend. The bacon was quickly negatived, but the eggs and hot cakes order stood. Ten minutes later the meal placed before Evans consisted of eggs as hard as rocks and *mutton cutlets!* A protest was instantly lodged, but it availed them nothing. The eggs were removed and replaced by a pair which had been dropped in tepid water for perhaps thirty seconds, but the mutton cutlets remained.

'What in hell's the use of arguing with a bird that's dumber than you are!' Wells finally groaned, devoting himself to his meal of zwiebach and tea. Evans agreed by eating the raw eggs and mutton cutlets. Thereafter he abandoned his efforts to get hot cakes and was content with the eggs, one morning managing to have them boiled to his satisfaction. The other meal of the day was a fairly palatable *table d'hôte*, invariably served at noon Moscow time, by which the trains are operated. Consequently the hour for eating advances sixty minutes each day while traveling eastward and is set back an equal period on the westbound journey.

The difficulties of language were clearly demonstrated when the newspaper man tried to file a dispatch the first day. He had in his possession a letter written to Junius B. Wood by M. Hirschfeld, Chief of the Department of Posts and Telegraphs at Moscow, which read:

'With reference to our last conversation, I beg to forward you two copies of the list of telegraph offices of the U.S.S.R. on the railroad between Moscow and Chita, where the international telegrams may be sent from.

'As these offices are mostly not on the premises of the railway stations but at some distance from them, this Administration, in order to give Mr.

THE ARRIVAL AT SEOUL, KOREA

The publisher of the *Keijo Nippo* (*Seoul Daily News*) presents flowers to Wells, who holds in his left hand valuable gifts from Viscount Saito, Governor-General of Korea. On Wells's left is Isawo Kawamura

Wells more facilities for sending his telegrams and to ensure their prompt transmission, begs to propose him the following mode of sending telegrams:

'Mr. Wells will have to hand his telegrams at any time throughout the day to the employee of the traveling post office, hooked on to the train, these telegrams being duly prepaid at the press-ate for New York, London, Paris or Berlin by means of postage stamps affixed on the originals of the telegrams. The said employee will hand the telegrams thus posted to the employee of the railway post office (at the stations named in the list) for further transmission by telegraph.

'Should Mr. Wells desire to have receipts for the telegrams sent, he will have to produce to the employee of the traveling post office, when posting his telegram, a copy of them where the said employee will note the amount recovered and appose his seal.

'In case of your consent to the aforesaid course of sending telegrams, due arrangements will be made and due orders will be given to the concerned post offices, but only with the condition that you would present a written application with the promise to pay all the eventual arrears for the unsufficiently prepaid telegrams.'

Wood gave the necessary assurance and was notified that the proper orders had been issued, which

was true, but when Wells tried to locate the 'employee of the traveling post office,' he found that shortly after the train left Moscow the post car had developed trouble and been parked along the way, and with it the clerk was who to handle his dispatches. Here, indeed, was a problem. If the world were to be kept informed of the progress of the trip, messages must be sent daily. But how? The reporter decided to find out at Taiga, noted on his list as one of the points where English messages would be accepted.

To thrash out the matter it was necessary to utilize the services of an interpreter. Investigation disclosed the absence of any one who could converse in both Russian and English. Taiga was reached and the reporter attempted to file his message, but it was refused. He was told that it must be taken to the main office, some distance from the station. There was insufficient time to do this, so he returned to the train, disconsolate.

One of the *provodniks* supposed to look to the welfare of the passengers in the racers' coach, it was learned, spoke German. There were two Germans aboard the train; so Wells laid his problem before them, the *provodnik* was called in, and the Germans thoroughly explained the situation to him. With rare perception he grasped its essentials and

at Marlinsk, the next station, endeavored to get the message through. Failing in this, he sent a telegram to Bogotol, the next station, requesting that a representative of the local office meet the train and accept a long message in English. This method worked satisfactorily during the trip through Siberia and thus was the world kept informed of the daily progress of the race.

Commenting on the trip, the editor of the 'New York Morning World' said: 'It is a vivid reminder of how efficient the transmission of news has become. All around the world, and yet we in New York sat in the gallery every day and followed every important move. Verily, we have come a long way since Jules Verne.'

In Russia there is supposed to be no such thing as class distinction. One method of expressing this fact was the elimination of first-, second-, and third-class accommodations on trains. To-day one travels 'hard' or 'soft.' In the 'hard' cars men, women, and children are herded into small compartments, the berths being bare boards running crosswise of the car. The corridor running from one end of the car to the other is filled with tiers of berths, three high, leaving only a narrow passageway. Five or six of these cars, jammed to capacity and smelling to high Heaven, are attached to each of the through

trains. A majority of the local trains are made up only of 'hard' cars.

Then there are one or two 'soft' cars. The accommodations are slightly better, only four passengers being allocated to a coupé, and mattresses and bed linen may be secured from the *provodnik* by the payment of two rubles ($1.05) for each change.

For those who can afford the additional charge there are accommodations in the roomy, comfortable coaches once operated by the Companie Internationale des Wagon-lits. Ordinarily, two are to be found attached to the through Trans-Siberian train. These coaches resemble the American all-compartment cars, and are divided into eight two-berth compartments, each two having a common lavatory. At one end of the car is a four-berth compartment. In each two-berth coupé there is a lower berth, running crosswise of the car and used as a seat during the day; an upper berth, running lengthwise, which ingeniously folds up during the day; a small table and a chair. Sheets, blankets, and a mattress are rented from the *provodnik*, who provides a change as frequently as the passenger is willing to pay two rubles.

The roadbed is equal if not superior to any in the United States, being so level that one can balance

one's self on one leg for minutes at a time. The equipment, however, is in a bad state of disrepair. A hot-box, flat wheel, or broken generator frequently occurs, and added to these annoyances is the dirtiness of the roadbed, even in mid-winter But in June, during the race, the heat and dust were almost unbearable. And shower baths, unfortunately, are not part of the equipment.

Travel across Russia and Siberia by train is never uninteresting. The train stops frequently for periods as long as twenty minutes, and during this time travelers stretch their legs along the station platforms and view the colorful, picturesque scenes laid before them.

There are the food booths, with their great pans of steaming chickens, pork roasts, and what not; mounds of bread and sausages and tiers of exotic foods of doubtful palatableness; people in strange costumes scurrying to and fro making hurried purchases or trying to fill kettles and buckets with the boiling hot water which gushes from a spigot at the side of the station; the soldiery without even the semblance of military bearing or neatness, looking on disinterestedly; the men idlers, attired in filthy garments and high leather or felt boots, watching stolidly, seemingly without souls, so matter-of-fact are they; the youthful beggars — girls and

boys in tattered clothes — who, like mongrel dogs, are ever under one's feet, whining; the women, hard of body and dead of eye; and lastly, the scores of potential travelers lying around among their dirty effects, waiting for trains, for the Russian peasant contemplating a journey almost invariably appears at the station three days to a week prior to the departure of his train. The picture is always the same, except in the matter of numbers.

Russia being new to Evans, he was naturally interested to learn all he could about it. Some pertinent facts may be quoted from a story which he subsequently wrote:

'One of the most striking things about Russia,' he thinks, 'is the total absence of well-dressed women: no French clothes, no well-made shoes or hats — absolutely none. On every hand terrible poverty is evident. Ninety per cent of the women we saw were barefoot, their dresses being of the cheapest cotton material, and where stockings were worn they were ill-fitting and of cotton. A shawl over the head serves as a hat. The men were slightly better dressed, all wearing caps and blouses, their trousers being tucked into high home-made boots. Two thirds wore some sort of uniform.

'Smiles and laughter were as rare as snow in summer, for these Russians apparently are taking

their new-found equality seriously. There is no social dancing throughout the entire country, for frivolity and submission to pleasure are not encouraged.

'Motion pictures are popular but religiously censored before being released. Pictures made in Russia are tragic and gruesome, invariably revealing Capitalism and Imperialism as seeking the downfall of Labor and Communism. Charlie Chaplin's pictures are never shown, while Douglas Fairbanks's 'The Thief of Bagdad,' has, I was told, been shown on five different occasions in every theater in Moscow and throughout Russia. Pictures depicting life in another era are rather welcomed so long as they do not conflict with the doctrines preached by the Government. For instance, one of the first sights which greeted our eyes upon arrival in Moscow was a flaring poster advertising Mabel Normand in 'Suzanna,' a story depicting life in the California of 1835, which Wells had written five years ago.

'Officials with whom I talked seemed earnestly desirous of bringing about better conditions for the working man and the peasant, of, for, and by whom the Government is supposedly run. But theirs is an autocratic Government which exercises jurisdiction over the private lives of its subjects and every man

is fearful of his neighbor, not knowing whether he is a member of the dread G.P.U., the new Soviet secret service; not daring to breathe a word against the administration, for prison is the inevitable penalty.

'The largest printing plant in the world is operating night and day in Moscow, turning out propaganda. Every newspaper in Russia is likewise employed. A great deal of this propaganda has an educational and instructive coating, but nevertheless it presents a distorted picture of conditions as they exist in other countries. With respect to international politics, the Russian is probably better informed than the citizens of other nations, but unfortunately he has been carefully instructed according to the Communist viewpoint. This was freely admitted to me by several officials.

'It is astonishing how unified a nation Russia is, considering its vast extent. The people all speak the same language, dress the same way, eat virtually the same kind of food, build houses by the same patterns, and believe in the same religious creeds.

'The impression I received is that a counter-revolution will never occur; that the present Government, which is essentially honest and sincere (so far as the administration of Soviet Russia is concerned), has so strongly intrenched itself that it will

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WELLS TALKING TO STAFF CAPTAIN GODDARD OF THE EMPRESS OF ASIA

not be shaken loose for generations. I predict that the lurid red of revolution, which has already become pinkish, will ultimately become almost white. Such has always been the history of intrenched power.

'The principal objection the people seem to have to the present Government, so far as I could determine, is that they cannot secure the necessities of life, and that those in power are Jews. But Jews or Gentiles, in my opinion, the Government is comprised of misguided intellectuals carried away by a warped idealism. And if they would only stick to their Russian knitting and leave other countries alone we could look with interest if not sympathy on their experiment.'

Krasnojarsk, Nishneudinsk, and Irkutsk were reached on schedule, and the train swung southeast toward the shores of beautiful Lake Baikal.

It was at Baikal Station that an incident occurred which threatened to put Wells out of the race entirely. There had been few opportunities to take pictures, but at this point the reporter unearthed his camera and he and Evans left the train and strolled over to the water's edge, intent upon photographing several of the large ships lying alongside a wharf and the floating dry-dock near by. Several scenes had been 'shot,' when the pair were inter-

rupted by a soldier who began to protest in voluble Russian.

'We're in for it now,' Wells said in an aside to Evans. But to the soldier he said: '*Nyet pa-Russki*,' meaning that he did not speak Russian. The soldier became more intense in his denunciation, pointing excitedly at the camera. The reporter shrugged and with Evans started toward the train which was about to continue. The soldier followed, still protesting. As the Americans reached the train he gripped Wells by the arm and motioned for him to move toward the station. The reporter disengaged himself and followed Evans up the steps into the coach, where he stood looking down at the soldier who appeared uncertain as to what to do next, but nevertheless was saying a lot:

'Oh, hell!' Wells groaned in disgust. 'I suppose the best thing to do is to give him the film-pack; he won't be satisfied until he gets it.' So removing the pack from the camera he tossed it down to the soldier as the train moved slowly out of the station.

Ten miles farther along the train came to an unscheduled stop before a small station, and a soldier boarded it, leaving a squad of other soldiers standing on the platform. Wells heard him demand to be led to the Americans.

'Here's a nice mess,' he said to Evans, and quickly explained what he thought was about to happen.

The *provodnik* came hurrying along the corridor, followed by the soldier. They paused before the door of the Americans' coupé, and the porter explained in German that the soldier had been informed by telegraph that they had taken pictures at Baikal and had been instructed to see that the crime would not be committed again. A demand for camera and film was made.

The permit in the men's possession specified a motion-picture camera and motion-picture film, and would not do them any good if they displayed it, so the reporter decided to argue the matter out.

'Tell him I gave the film to the soldier at Baikal,' he ordered. 'Tell him those were the only pictures I have taken in Russia and that the only film I have is blank.'

The *provodnik* duly translated the message into Russian, but the soldier was unconvinced. He expressed the opinion that the American should be removed from the train and held for investigation; his actions and words indicated that, in his eyes, the taking of pictures was a more heinous crime than criticizing the Government or committing a murder. While the train waited he insisted upon inspecting the baggage and over Wells's protest confiscated

three film-packs. While this inspection was in progress, the almost tearful porter explained who his charges were, but while the soldier did not appear to be particularly impressed, he nevertheless abandoned the idea of detaining the reporter and after twenty minutes of argument the train was allowed to proceed.

'Phew!' Wells exclaimed, mopping his brow, as the train pulled out. 'That was a close shave! Camera, you're not going to look at any more scenes in Russia!' And suiting the action to the word he buried it deeply in a handbag and there it remained until Manchuria was reached.

There was a time when the Trans-Siberian crossed Lake Baikal. During the summer trains were run aboard a ship and ferried over; in winter rails were laid across the thick ice and trains crossed under their own power. But this was a dangerous and costly operation, so the Czarist Government built the Trans-Baikal road at tremendous cost and the expense of operation and danger have been materially reduced. The train bearing the racers pursued its crooked course through countless tunnels around the shores of the Lake and at 9.47 A.M., June 29, puffed to a stop before the station at Chita, where the mental comfort of the racers was to be rudely disturbed by a telegram.

CHAPTER VIII

When Evans and Wells boarded the Trans-Siberian at Omsk they were not troubled by a care in the world. Wells had optimistically predicted that it was 'all over but the shouting.' He had faith in the plans he had arranged and in the capable men who had agreed to represent the race at various points to the east.

These plans called for the racers to travel aboard the Trans-Siberian to Manchou-li, Manchuria, and there change to the Chinese Eastern Railway, which operates a connecting train as far as Harbin, twenty-two hours distant. At Harbin a special train would carry them to Chang-chun, the south-eastern terminus of the Chinese Eastern. At this point, which would be reached by 3.30 A.M., July 1, they would leave their special train, board an airplane generously placed at their disposal by Marshal Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian War Lord, and safely land at Antung, on the Korea-Manchuria frontier in time to connect with a train for Fusan, Korea. It was vitally necessary that they catch this train, otherwise they would miss the steamer for Shimonoseki, Japan, which would enable them to reach Yokohama at 7.50 P.M., July 3, in time

to connect with the Canadian Pacific liner Empress of Asia. If this were not accomplished, then the race was lost. The Canadian Pacific Company had agreed to hold their vessel at Yokohama until dawn, July 4, but nothing would be gained by the racers, for if this important connection at Fusan were missed the earliest they could reach the Japanese seaport would be a few minutes before noon, July 4.

Previous attempts by Wells to charter reliable airplanes for a possible flight through Japan had proved fruitless, but the generosity of Chang Tso-lin had seemed to meet the emergency and there appeared to be no threatening clouds of misfortune in their sky of happiness.

Every day or two Wells had telegraphed Samuel Sokobin, the American Consul at Mukden, Manchuria, who was ably representing the race at that strategical point, cautioning him to leave no stone unturned in order to get the racers through to Antung on schedule. It was Sokobin who had negotiated with Chang Tso-lin for the use of the airplane, and knowing him to be one of the ablest officers in the Consular Service, neither of the racers felt any concern over this leg of their journey.

Finances were beginning to run low, and at Irkutsk a telegram had been dispatched to John L.

Curtis, manager of the Harbin branch of the International Banking Corporation, who was handling the affairs of the race in that locality. After requesting that Curtis bring twenty-five hundred dollars with him when he met the train at Harbin, he was reminded to have the special train already chartered ready to depart immediately for a record-breaking run to Chang-chun.

And then, at Chita, Mr. Leepin met the train and handed Wells the following telegram from Sokobin:

'Airplane assured Harbin to Mukden only. Antung absolutely impossible. No landing field there. Airplane available Chang-chun if desired.'

If a thunderbolt had struck them the racers would not have felt more devoid of reason. For an instant or two their minds were vacuums.

'Hell!' the reporter gasped. Evans echoed this sentiment.

'Well, what are you going to do about it?' he asked, as Wells uncovered his typewriter and weaved a sheet of paper around its roller.

'Oh, we'll get there all right,' the newspaper man said with an assurance he did not feel, beginning to pound on the keys. In a few minutes he had turned out the following message to Sokobin:

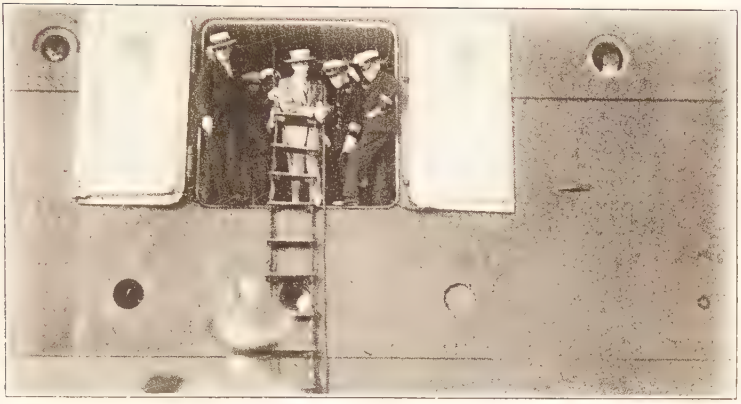
'Must connect with Fusan train at Antung.

Curtis has arranged special train leaving Harbin midnight thirtieth, arriving at Chang-chun in time to leave immediately via plane for Mukden. Please have ready at Mukden special train or fast automobile carry us Antung. Advise South Manchuria and Chosen Railway officials details our plans and request coöperation. Perhaps they will delay train at Antung for sufficient time enable us overtake. Any event leave nothing undone which enable us catch that train. We depending on you get us over this most vital leg of trip between Chang-chun and Antung. Go the limit to get us there. Reply care Debedoire, care Chinese Customs, Manchou-li.'

Curtis was also advised of this critical state of affairs. He and Hanson, the American Consul at Harbin, were requested to 'coöperate with Sokobin to enable us to connect with Fusan train at Antung morning of the first, which is absolutely necessary, otherwise race is a failure and we have overcome too many obstacles to fail now.'

The Trans-Siberian pulled out of Chita on schedule at 10.17 A.M., June 29, and started on its thirteen-hour-and-a-half journey to the frontier.

'Something's always happening to take the joy out of life,' Wells complained, staring morosely through the window and not seeing the low, rolling



WAITING TO DISEMBARK FROM THE EMPRESS OF ASIA AT VICTORIA

JUST AFTER ARRIVAL AT QUARANTINE STATION, VICTORIA, B.C.

TRANSFERRING BAGGAGE TO LAUNCH, VICTORIA

brown hills stretching away toward the distant hills, dotted here and there with small bands of wild horses or camels.

'If it weren't for such little incidents as this there wouldn't be any fun in this trip,' Evans averred. 'It's the uncertainty which makes it enjoyable.'

'Maybe so,' the reporter admitted; 'but enough's enough. And God knows we've had enough uncertainty during this trip.'

'It won't end until the trip's over, either,' the Detroiter predicted. And he knew whereof he spoke!

The day passed far more quickly than either had expected. At this stage of the journey the wardrobe of the two men was so depleted that it became necessary to turn to and wash the family linen. It was the hottest day either had experienced during the trip, but they each adjourned to the little lavatory and devoted an hour to the warm task of doing laundry work, distributing the results of their efforts around the coupé. These articles being of good quality silk soon dried out, the racers pressed them with the palms of their hands, and were equipped to continue their journey in a state of cleanliness.

About ten-thirty that evening the train paused at a small village, took aboard passport inspection

officers and continued on its way. Passports were taken up and a few minutes later the porter passed through the car and drew the blinds over every window.

'What's the idea?' Evans asked.

'Station 86,' Wells replied. 'It's the last in Russia, and for some unknown reason they don't want people to see what's going on.'

There was a twenty-minute wait at this station, and then the train puffed slowly onward, crossed the frontier and stopped before the station at Manchou-li.

'Well, here's where we get a nice hot bath,' the reporter predicted, peering through the window at the colorful platform scene: a hundred or more Chinese and Russians — officials, soldiers, and coolies — hurrying to and fro, shouting and jostling each other. 'Debedoire will be here in a minute and we'll shove our baggage into his office for inspection, then go to his house.'

But Debedoire did not arrive. His erstwhile young Polish assistant, Charles Yuchnitsky, came through the car gathering passports and greeted the Americans effusively.

'Mr. Debedoire has been transferred to Hankow,' he explained. 'I got your telegram and have your tickets to Harbin. Wait for me in the office.' And

assigning several coolies to look after the racers' baggage he went on.

Evans and Wells left the car and adjourned to the office of the customs officer, who soon joined them.

'Here are some telegrams,' he said. Wells tore them open eagerly. The first was from Curtis at Harbin and read:

'Sokobin wires following: "Flight definitely starts at Harbin. Mantetsu [South Manchuria Railway] offers special train leaving Mukden morning July 1 connecting with steamer at Fusan morning July 2. Approximate cost Yen 3500. My opinion this most practicable plan. Chinese airplane Mukden to Seoul unavailable. Please repeat this telegram to Wells and request authority for me to engage Mantetsu special. Remit funds. Osaka Mainichi willing to coöperate with airplane between Shimonoseki and Yokohama if necessary. Personal opinion Mantetsu special should be engaged. Ask Wells telegraph me authorization direct."'

The next message was from Sokobin direct:

'Airplane will carry you Harbin to Mukden. Have definitely engaged special leaving Mukden eight o'clock morning July 1. Will land you Fusan nine o'clock morning second. Cost Yen 3800. Jap-

anese assure safe connections. Following just received from American Consul at Kobe: "For Linton Wells: Nippon Kokukaisha, reliable commercial airplane company, offers services of two airplanes Shimonoseki to Yokohama. Trip takes six hours. Believe can catch Empress of Asia. Payment your option. Wire reply." I have replied: "Airplane Japan not necessary. However, will telegraph earliest possible hour if required." Don't worry: airplane and special absolutely sure to connect.'

'That boy's right on the job,' Evans declared enthusiastically. 'He didn't wait to be told; he went right ahead and did what was necessary.'

Wells tore open another message, which was from Curtis:

'Following received from Sokobin: "Definitely engaged special leaving Mukden July 1. Had to do this last night so Korean Railway could be informed to clear lines."'

'Well!' The reporter breathed a sigh of relief. 'That seems to be settled. But I'd like to know where the Japanese airplanes materialized. A month ago there weren't any; now we have three or four.'

'It's a good thing,' opined Evans. 'They're there if we need them.'

While Evans went into the station restaurant for

a bite to eat, Wells wrote telegrams and filed them. To Curtis he wired:

'Please send money to Sokobin for special Mukden Fusan. Assume special Harbin to Chang-chun unneeded. If so, please cancel.'

The message to Sokobin read:

'Have requested Curtis supply necessary funds immediately. Matter entirely in your hands. Splendid work. Thanks.'

Yuchnitsky then appeared on the scene with the information that both Chinese and Russian customs examinations had been completed and the baggage placed in the coupé of the train which was due to leave for Harbin at 1.20 A.M. Wells accepted the tickets previously purchased and they joined Evans in the restaurant, remaining there until the train was ready to depart.

'By George, Edward!' the reporter exclaimed during the conversation, growing expansive. 'It feels good to be back in China. Sort of like coming home.'

'Except for a few obviously Chinese faces, it looks like Russia to me,' his friend observed.

'It will be the same all the way to Chang-chun,' Wells declared. 'The Chinese Eastern is Russian-owned and operated, and incidentally, one of the best in the world. Of course, this fact is a thorn in

Chang Tso-lin's side. He's always scrapping with the Administration — insists that inasmuch as the road runs through Chinese territory, he, being its ruler, should be allowed to transport troops over it gratis.'

'How did Russia come to get the road?' Evans asked.

'The Czar built it. It's a complicated story,' said the reporter, looking at the clock. 'Want to hear it briefly?' Evans nodded assent.

'China and Japan, as you probably know, fought a war back in 1894. China lost and by the terms of the Treaty of Shimonoseki, signed in 1895, she ceded to Japan what is known as the Liaotung Peninsula. This is the strip of valuable territory protruding from the southern end of Manchuria into the Yellow Sea. Subsequently, Japan returned this territory to China, and in 1898 Russia obtained a fifteen years' lease of the lower portion of the peninsula and the right to build a railway from Manchou-li on the west to Pogranichnaja on the east, to connect with Vladivostok, and from Harbin south to Port Arthur, with a branch to Dairen. This meant that Russia would have a year-round ice-free port, and incidentally place her in an almost impregnable position with respect to Korea, which she coveted.

'Japan kept a vigilant eye on these activities, particularly Russia's expenditures in the fortification of Port Arthur, which became her most important naval base. In the end, Japan and Russia went to war and again Japan won, but to do so she had to build a railroad the whole length of the Korean peninsula, and from Antung to Mukden.

'By the terms of the Portsmouth treaty, and with the consent of China, Russia ceded to Japan her unexpired lease of the Liaotung Peninsula, and that portion of the Chinese Eastern Railway between Chang-chun and Dairen. China allowed Japan to reconstruct her military road between Antung and Mukden, and these two lines became the South Manchuria Railway. Between Antung and Fusan the line runs through Korea and is known as the Chosen Railways.

'Russia has never forgiven Japan for usurping her place in Manchuria; and some day it's going to prove a bone of contention between Japan and China. A few years ago Japan and China entered into a new agreement and Japan's lease of the Liaotung Peninsula was extended to 1997 and her railway franchise to 2002, when everything is to revert without payment to China.

'Even though you're in China, between here and Chang-chun you'll see as many Russians as

Chinese, and between Chang-chun and Antung, and until you leave Yokohama, there'll be more Japanese than other nationalities. It's a complicated situation, but Chang gets along very well with the Japanese, and they've certainly worked wonders in opening up and developing this country.'

'What do they grow out here?' Evans asked.

'This is the home of the festive *soya* bean,' Wells answered. 'It has as many uses as Mr. Heinz has varieties. Everybody is bean crazy out here and to-morrow you'll see more beans than you ever believed could be grown. Come on — it's train time.'

Wells's prediction proved true. For miles and miles the train passed mountains of *soya* beans, with Chinese laborers industriously working in the hot sun shoveling them into bags for shipment.

Across the broad and fertile Manchurian plain it forged, pausing frequently at stations where there were markedly different scenes from those along the Trans-Siberian. Here there were well-dressed, laughing, happy people: White Russians who, after battling bravely, fled before the advance of Bolshevism and remained to assist in the development of this country of infinite resources; the Chinese represented by a score of different types, conversing in equally as many dialects — a veritable Babel;

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EVANS LANDING ON UNITED STATES SOIL AT SEATTLE
Eddie Hubbard's flying boat in background

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WELLS AND EVANS CONGRATULATING EACH OTHER ON
LANDING AT SEATTLE

the soldiery comprising the Railway Guard — Chinese and Russians, punctilious to a degree; and commingling with them foreigners of all nationalities, here searching for the eternal dollar.

Gayety and happiness and prosperity even in a country which has been almost rent asunder by revolutions for fifteen years — but a Republic. Compare it with the grim, tragic picture of the Soviet Russia of to-day. And for the past five years Moscow has exerted every effort, resorted to every subterfuge to implant the bacillus of Communism in the minds of these people and draw them into the greedy maw of Bolshevism. But thanks to Chang Tso-lin and others equally intelligent the effort has so far failed and the tide of propaganda which threatened to inundate the country has been stemmed — at least for the time being.

All things which have a beginning must in reason have an ending, and at 11.35 P.M., June 30, the train crossed the Sungari and pulled into the imposing station at Harbin.

Now that the racers were to fly from Harbin to Mukden there would be at least four hours' lay-over which they could devote to the enjoyable pastime of removing the traces of a week's dusty travel; to reminiscences with old friends; and perhaps an hour or so at the Pompeii, La Fantaisie, or one of

the other numerous night clubs which provide an excuse for pleasure-seekers to see the sun rise.

But Mother Fate was still playing pranks, and a catastrophe even greater than any previous ones that had threatened was about to occur and imperil the chances of one member of the race at least.

CHAPTER IX

As the train drew into the station, Wells stuck his head out of a window and surveyed the large crowd which had gathered to witness Evans's and his arrival, for, as they subsequently learned, local papers had been filled with accounts of their trip.

Yes; there were Jack Curtis and good old Tim Riley and Romanenko, also of the bank; Skerst, commercial agent of the Chinese Eastern; and a score of other familiar faces.

'They're all here,' Wells said to Evans, withdrawing his head. Then he leaned out the window again in time to grip Skerst's hand. For the next several minutes he and Evans were busily engaged in shaking hands through the window and replying to greetings.

'Well, your special's on the other track,' said Skerst, 'ready to leave on the dot of midnight.'

The reporter flashed an inquiring look at Curtis, who said:

'Chang's plane is ready to hop off at dawn.'

'That's fine of you fellows to have a special ready in the event we needed it,' Wells declared, although in the back of his head was the thought that Skerst was drumming up trade for his road or

determined to be in on the race, as it was originally planned he should be.

'But' — it was Curtis speaking — 'the plane will carry only one.'

It took about ten seconds for this to penetrate. 'What's that?' Wells gasped, uncertain that he had heard rightly.

Curtis patiently repeated the bad news.

'This isn't a joke, is it?' the reporter asked suspiciously. 'Wait a minute, let's get out of here.'

Evans and he were on the station platform in a few seconds and in the center of a large group which had formed around them.

'Hardly,' Curtis replied. 'Some one in Chang's camp evidently pulled a boner. When this chap' — indicating a Russian with Chang Tso-lin's air insignia on his left breast — 'piled in here to-night we found he'd brought a small plane and there's just room for one of you to go with him.'

To express it mildly, Evans and Wells were speechless: this was the crowning blow. Sokobin, who had arranged matters, certainly knew two men were participating in the race: the papers had carried columns about it; and yet, there had been a slip-up somewhere and there was only one small plane, capable of carrying a pilot and one other, available at Harbin.

Through an interpreter, Wells shot questions at the pilot, who insisted he could carry only himself and one other. For an instant the reporter thought of trying to borrow the plane and fly Evans and himself to Mukden, but decided it would be wasted effort to attempt it. It was hardly to be expected that the Russian would turn over a military plane to the Americans without explicit instructions from headquarters and these could hardly be obtained at that hour of the night.

'It's up to you, then,' Wells said, turning to Skerst, after he and Evans had conversed together for a half-minute. 'We'll need a special straight through to Mukden to connect with our other special leaving for Fusan at eight o'clock.' This meant covering 350 miles in eight hours.

'I'll put you into Chang-chun,' replied the Chinese Eastern official. 'From there on it's up to the South Manchuria.' He turned to a little man standing beside him and for a minute the atmosphere was streaked with Russian. Finally he turned and made a portentous announcement: 'He's the local agent of the South Manchuria and he says it can't be done on such short notice.'

'It has to be done,' Wells said. 'Tell him to get busy.'

The crowd moved into the station and the little man hurried off to a telephone.

Wells caught Evans's eye across the crowd where the latter was relieving Tim Riley of the twenty-five hundred dollars requested by telegraph. There was an I-told-you-so look in the Detroiter's eyes and Wells crossed over to him.

'Don't say it,' advised the reporter, 'but what do you think of the situation?'

'Don't forget those Japanese planes,' Evans said. 'We can use this special to Chang-chun and there connect with the train which left here an hour ago. That will enable us to reach Shimonoseki without using any special trains and we'll be only a half-day late. It's six hours from Shimonoseki to Yokohama by plane, and we can even be there ahead of schedule.'

'Maybe so,' Wells admitted; 'but don't let's kick the Devil in the pants too often; he might kick back. It's the rainy season in Japan now, and I know that country: it's misty and foggy and covered with water and if we were forced down we'd be absolutely out of luck. I think we ought to take the special to Mukden.'

'To Chang-chun,' corrected Curtis, who had joined the pair. 'You haven't got a chance in the world of getting a special between Chang-chun and Mukden on this short notice. The Japanese don't move that fast. Now, I suggest that one of you use

the plane; Chang has sent it up here and it will get you to Mukden on time. The other will have to use the special and make out the best way he can.'

'That's not a bad idea,' Wells admitted. 'What do you think, Edward?'

'I don't like the idea of splitting up,' Evans replied.

'Neither do I,' the reporter agreed. 'But if you use the plane and I use the train and we both get through, it will be a good story; if I can't connect with the train at Mukden, you go on and use it, and I'll get to Yokohama some way.'

Evans flatly declined to consider this proposal. 'No,' he refused; 'you use the plane and I'll use the train.'

'Nothing doing,' Wells declared. 'I know this country like a book and I'd rather be stranded out here than have you be. If you take the plane you're virtually certain to get through. And I have a hunch that if I fail to meet you at Mukden I'll be at the head of the Asia's gangway at Yokohama waiting to ask, "What detained you?" when you arrive.'

'You mean you'll take the regular train later and then fly from Shimonoseki?'

'Exactly; but I'm counting on having a special waiting for me at Chang-chun. I may be an hour

late getting into Mukden, but the special can be held there. Well, how about it?'

Evans voiced other protests, which Wells overruled, and he finally agreed to make the Harbin–Mukden flight, declaring it was a great disappointment to him to have to separate from his friend.

'Don't worry about me,' the reporter laughed. 'I'll get through — some way.'

Skerst, who had also joined the party, looked at his watch and announced that it was within three minutes of midnight and the special had to leave at that hour. The party moved out of the station and started toward the train, which consisted of an engine, tender, baggage coach for ballast, and a single car.

'What about baggage?' asked Evans.

'I'll take the camera, typewriter, and brief-case,' Wells replied, thinking of the long-anticipated bath which he was missing. 'Let me have my toothbrush and a change and you can take the handbag.'

These articles were resurrected, Evans threw in the family comb for good measure, and a moment later Wells was standing on the steps of his private car trying to shake hands on the fly with a score of people. In a minute the station was lost to view, and with rather an empty feeling, wondering whether it wouldn't have been safer for Evans to

AT PASCO, WASHINGTON

Left to right: Wells, Evans, Lieutenant Mathew, Joe Taff, Lieutenant Koenig. Army plane in the rear.

INTERVIEWED BY A COMELY 'SOB SISTER' AT BOISE, IDAHO

have taken the special train, Wells went inside and found himself in the luxurious private car of the general manager of the Chinese Eastern Railway.

The train crew was composed of two minor officials of the road and the general manager's personal servant. Surely, Wells thought, sinking into a comfortable chair, this is the life of the illustrious O'Reilly. The servant approached obsequiously:

Was His Excellency hungry? he inquired. 'His Excellency' remembered he was and said so. Did His Excellency crave a bath? This question 'His Excellency' viewed with suspicion; it was too much. But no; he was led to a spacious room which contained both a tub and shower, with hot and cold running water. For a half-hour, while his train roared southward across the Manchurian plain, a silver moon in its last half casting iridescent beams on the seemingly endless landscape, the reporter soaked in the refreshing water and emerged to sit down to a meal fit for a king.

But he was unable to get Evans out of his mind. Had he done wrong? he kept thinking. And the clickety-clack of wheels revolving over evenly laid tracks kept replying, 'You're going to get through, you're going to get through.' This refrain finally sang the reporter to sleep and he knew no more

until he was gently shaken and informed that Chang-chun was in the offing.

Dressing hurriedly, Wells realized that the train had covered 175 miles in four hours and twenty minutes—a commendable feat for a railroad in remote and supposedly barbarous China. An equal distance yet remained to be covered in an equally short space of time if he was to join Evans aboard the special train ready to depart from Mukden at eight o'clock.

Wells descended from his luxurious coach at Chang-chun to be greeted by a large crowd of Japanese railway officials. They didn't appear to know particularly what it was all about, but they assumed that only a person of some importance could cause their slumbers to be disturbed at three o'clock in the morning, with orders to prepare a special train for a hurried trip to Mukden. In consequence, there was much bowing and breath-sucking between teeth as amenities appropriate to the occasion were exchanged.

In fifteen minutes the reporter was on his way again, scheduled to arrive at Mukden at 9.30 A.M. Sitting in the single car attached to the engine, which was similar to the American Pullman car, Wells pondered over the situation. Knowing the innate aversion of the Japanese for quick action, he

felt that his friends in Harbin must have taken drastic steps to secure the train and have the road cleared in such a short space of time.

Before leaving Harbin Wells had been told that Evans would hop off at four o'clock. His friend would, he thought, keep well in sight of the railroad, but throughout the seemingly interminable five-hour ride to Mukden he did not catch sight of him. And it was with a sinking sensation in the region of his stomach that he rose from his seat as the train pulled into the station and started for the platform. But this feeling was dispelled as if by magic, for there, in the midst of a crowd of at least a thousand people and surrounded by officials in gorgeous uniforms, was the smiling figure of Evans.

What transpired at Harbin subsequent to Wells's departure may best be described by quoting from a story written by Evans which failed to get into print:

'As I write this Wells and I are leaving Mukden aboard a special train, headed for Fusan, Korea. We started an hour and a half late, but the heads of the railroad — some of whom traveled all night to greet and see us off — have promised that our train will arrive at Fusan in time to connect with our steamer leaving for Shimonoseki, Japan, at 10.30 to-morrow morning.

'Our race is creating a tremendous amount of interest in Manchuria, Korea, and Japan, and officials of the South Manchuria and Chosen Railways tell us that this is the first special train ever chartered for such a distance — one thousand miles — and they intend to establish two records at the same time, the other being a speed-and-time record between Mukden and Fusan.

'I have not had a moment's sleep for thirty hours and the chatter and laughter of a dozen Japanese reporters and railway officials who are accompanying us make writing difficult. However, the past eleven hours have been so crowded with the stress and strain of excitement sufficient to satisfy the most avid adventurer that I must tell the story.

'When Curtis informed us that the airplane supplied by Marshal Chang Tso-lin was unable to carry more than one passenger my heart sank. This meant that Wells and I had to part, with the grave possibility that one of us would not reach Yokohama in time to catch the Empress of Asia. Against my wishes, it was finally decided that I should use the plane and that Wells would travel by a special train provided by the Chinese Eastern Railway for a fast run between Harbin and Changchun. This meant that he would be suspended in mid-country without any possible chance of reach-

ing Fusan in time to make the boat connection unless a special train could be obtained at Changchun for a speedy trip to Mukden to connect with a previously chartered special train scheduled to depart for Fusan at eight o'clock.

'I had a few minutes of deep depression. During the entire trip Wells has taken care of all the details, performed whatever work was to be done with efficiency, and displayed force and perseverance little short of marvelous. Every emergency he could possibly foresee had been provided against, and when setbacks have occurred he has pulled us through successfully. He has been a walking railroad guide, having at his finger-tips every piece of train and travel information which could be of possible use to us.

'When we were discussing this trip first, nearly a year ago, Wells told me it had been his ambition for many years to girdle the globe in record time. Now, when his hopes seemed so near fruition, it looked as if they would be dashed. These were the thoughts which oppressed me as he insisted on my taking the better break and waved farewell from the rear platform of his special train as it pulled out of Harbin and I realized that he had cheerfully and unhesitatingly made the supreme sacrifice.

'Whether or not he would have lived up to his

promise to greet me aboard the Empress of Asia I don't know; but I felt that, being aboard a train in the dead of night, he could no longer help himself. His destination was little more than a village — the terminus of two roads. I decided that if he was to reach Yokohama I had to get him there.

'Fortunately, I had able assistants in John L. Curtis, E. F. Riley, and A. Romanenko, all of the Harbin branch of the International Banking Corporation; P. Dutko, American Vice-Consul, whom Hanson, the Consul, being absent, had delegated to look after us; A. G. Skerst, of the Chinese Eastern Railway; J. Yamaguchi, traffic manager of the South Manchuria; and last but not least, J. Neznaiko, interpreter for the Chinese Eastern.

'As soon as Wells left we held a hurried consultation. It was decided to get another special ready at Chang-chun at all costs, delay the special at Mukden for a time, and thus enable Wells to reach that point within a short time after I should arrive with an easy flight.

'Then commenced a prolonged and unremitting effort to get in touch with the proper railway officials. Mind you, it was nearly one o'clock in the morning, and in this part of the world there is no such thing as an efficient Western Union or Postal Telegraph System, or a quick long-distance telephone service.

'It so happened that that day the South Manchuria Railway had given a great celebration in honor of the opening of a new station, and most of the officials, it appeared, were still celebrating. Neznaiko patiently clung to the telephone, calling, calling, calling. At last he located Mr. Yamaguchi, chief of the traffic department. Meanwhile, two hours had passed. I was to fly at four o'clock and we still must phone the officials at Chang-chun.

'Curtis was patient and sympathetic, but thought that even though we managed to arrange for the special it would be impossible for the railway to clear its line in such a short space of time, the road being single track. But I refused to allow this to discourage me. Wells must get through. Another hour passed, with Neznaiko trying to complete the long-distance call over the single line between Harbin and Chang-chun.

'Three-thirty, and success! We had finally located the right man and soon after all arrangements were completed. Too thankful to do more than murmur hasty words of gratitude, we piled into motor cars and drove madly to the airdrome on the outskirts of the city, where Chinese generals and other members of the military, the chief of police, and our friends who had remained up to help, told me good-bye.

'The plane was a small Sampson and not very fast, but it was safe-looking and made a perfect flight to Mukden, where I landed at eight o'clock. An hour before I had passed within sight of Wells's special train and felt relieved to know that he was safely on his way.

'At Mukden I was met by General Chow Pei Ping, who, as a member of Chang Tso-lin's staff, is in charge of the Marshal's efficient air force and, incidentally, a West Point graduate. It was he who had sent us the plane. Immediately we had exchanged greetings I was packed into his car and rushed to the American Consulate, where we found Sokobin. He appeared amazed to see me, for a short time before he had received a telegram saying that Wells was arriving by special train. And then, during the trip to the station, the story came out as to how, through a misunderstanding, they had been under the impression that Wells was the only one participating in the race. General Chow felt very badly over the situation.

'"Hell! Mr. Evans," he said, "I would have sent two or a dozen planes had I only known."

'There was no doubting the sincerity and deep regret of this courteous Chinese gentleman who spoke flawless English.

'Samuel Sokobin, the American Consul who has

EVANS (LEFT), WELLS, AND PILOT L. D. CUDDEBACK
Leaving Boise, Idaho

done such wonderful work for us in this our worst sector, I found to be a likable man with a splendid reputation throughout the East and a record for accomplishment in the diplomatic service.

'Upon our arrival at the station I learned that Wells's train would arrive at 9.23, more than a half-hour later. But this did not disturb me, for officials of the South Manchuria Railway assured me that we should reach Fusan on time and the way this train is burning up the roadbed it is evident they know what they're talking about.'

To which Wells added the following postscript:

'Now that Evans has had his say, I'll remark that no one was more joyful than I when my train pulled into the station at Mukden and I saw him surrounded by a mob of people, a cheerful smile of welcome wrinkling his tired features.

'Had it not been for his persistency and consideration I should probably be cooling my heels several hundred miles to the north at this moment, but he didn't have a monopoly on worrying during those anxious hours we were separated.

'Introductions and greetings completed at Mukden, we posed for countless pictures, were presented with a huge basket of flowers with the compliments of the South Manchuria Railway, and at 9.35 pulled out for the real race against time, for we

are attempting to travel in twenty-three hours and thirty minutes the distance which regular trains require thirty-one hours to cover. But between Mukden and Antung, into which we are pulling at the present moment, we have made up one hour and twenty minutes, with every prospect of making up the balance during the next eighteen hours.

'And it's hotter than all creation!'

CHAPTER X

The special train bearing the world racers swung across the great bridge over the Yalu River, which divides Korea and Manchuria, and resumed its race against time down the peninsula toward Fusan. Every now and then it would stop for a few minutes while water was poured into the tender, coal shoveled down within reaching distance of the fireman, and a hurried inspection made of its mechanism. Then it would roar onward — through the sultry afternoon, the humid night, and the cool, refreshing dawn.

There was a time when the French were noted for their courtesy, but to-day it is the Japanese to whom credit must be given for being the most courteous race under the sun.

From the moment when Evans and Wells came in contact with Japanese railway and other officials there was nothing which was not theirs for the asking. It seemed that at every station between Mukden and Fusan there were hundreds of people gathered to greet and bid them God-speed. At one place, an entire school was turned out and as the train left the station hundreds of childish voices shouted a lusty 'Banzai!'

The travelers were never without reporters who had been sent considerable distances to accompany them over various stages of the journey, or railway officials who relieved other officials. On many occasions delegations boarded the train and made a ceremony of the event. In fact, during the entire twenty-three-and-a-half-hour record run to Fusan the trip resembled the triumphal procession of some potentate.

In order to catch up on sleep, Evans turned in early that evening and Wells remained up to file a dispatch at Seoul. It was after midnight when the train stopped before the impressive station of the Korean capital, but nevertheless there was a crowd of Government and railway officials and photographers and reporters. Ransford Stevens Miller, American Consul-General at Seoul, had sent as his representative, Vice-Consul J. S. Dieson, who placed his services at the racers' disposal.

Wells left the car when the train stopped and before he realized it was listening to a brief address of welcome by Mr. Y. Ota, of the Foreign Affairs Section of the Korean Government, who was present as the personal representative of Viscount Mukoto Saito, Governor-General of Korea, from whom Mr. Ota presented gifts in the form of two perfect pieces of amber as large as robins' eggs.

While photographers were exploding flash guns from every angle, the publisher of 'Keijo Nippo,' Korea's largest newspaper, stepped up with a huge bouquet of fragrant flowers which he presented. Then there were more speeches, and after ten minutes Wells was able to escape to the privacy of the car for a brief conference with Dieson, who relieved him of the task of filing his messages.

After that came the avaricious reporters. And here it might be mentioned that even the aggressive and energetic American reporter has nothing on the Japanese journalist. These lads are on the job every minute and according to the cards in their possession, Evans and Wells were interviewed by eighty-eight Japanese reporters in two days and a half of rapid travel through Manchuria, Korea, and Japan. There were others whose cards were not obtained, so the number was probably in excess of a hundred.

Some of their questions may be amusing and not to the point, but they nevertheless acquire the information they are after. Wells recalls that when he was in Japan 'covering' the Army-Around-the-World flight, the first question asked of Captain Lowell H. Smith, commander of the flight, upon his arrival in Japan, was: 'Who is your favorite author?' And this was a few minutes after the com-

pletion of the first trans-Pacific flight in the history of the world! The first question propounded Lieutenant Leigh Wade on the same occasion was: 'Have you a sweetheart?' Wade thoughtlessly admitted that he had and the imaginative reporters instantly wove a romance into their stories of Wade's participation in the flight.

Wells was asked the same identical question a score of times, but recalling Wade's experience denied emphatically that any young lady was waiting to lead him to the altar if he succeeded in breaking the globe-girdling record. Nevertheless, the story got into several vernacular papers. It was generally reported in all papers that the race had cost the two men approximately a million dollars and that an equal amount would be given them in prize money should they succeed in lowering Mears's record. This was a flattering tribute, but both men failed in their efforts to secure a retraction.

The photographers also are relentless in their pursuit of pictures, and the racers were 'shot' at least a thousand times during the period previously mentioned.

The Japanese equivalent for 'all aboard' was finally shouted by railway officials, and Wells yelled 'Sayonara!' to the Japanese present, swung aboard the train, and turned to greet a new set of

officials. Politeness demanded that he converse with them for a time, so it was not until one-thirty that he crawled wearily into his berth. It had been a hectic day.

The special was on schedule to the minute and due to arrive at Fusan at 10.05 A.M., July 2. Shortly after dawn, at every stop, a delegation boarded the train and accompanied the racers to their destination. At Fusan there was even a larger crowd, more photographers and reporters; and as the travelers made their way to the wharf they were surrounded and followed by a mob in excess of several thousand.

Sight of the Shokei Maru cheered the two men immeasurably. It seemed to them that now only an upheaval of nature could prevent their reaching Yokohama in time to board the Empress of Asia; and once aboard that vessel only a similar calamity could prevent their reaching Park Row within the twenty-eight-day limit they had set for themselves.

Upon boarding the vessel which was to carry them across the Japan Straits to Shimonoseki, the racers were greeted by the captain and purser who presented them to Mr. T. Asano, assistant traffic manager of the Imperial Japanese Government Railways, who had traveled from Tokyo to Fusan to greet and accompany them to Yokohama. Mr. Asano proved to be an affable, self-effacing gentle-

man, considered by many to be the leading poet of Japan. Promptly at 10.30 the Shokei Maru cast off its lines and in a few minutes was on its course to Shimonoseki, 190 miles distant. Ten minutes later, Mr. Asano begged leave to excuse himself. It later developed that he was subject to chronic sea-sickness, that the very thought of salt water made him ill. But ignoring this uncomfortable affliction he had made the voyage from Shimonoseki to Fusan the evening before and now was returning with his charges. Truly a commendable exhibition of courtesy!

The eight-hour voyage to Shimonoseki was a welcome respite from the rigorous ten and a half days of constant automobile, airplane, and train travel to which the racers had been subjected, and they made the most of it. For the first time during the trip it appeared that success was assured and the mental strain which they had been under had been alleviated to a degree. Evans and Wells walked the deck and gratefully inhaled the fresh sea air, watching the staunch little vessel draw nearer to the coast of Hondo, the main island of Japan, with its rugged mountains and picturesque villages.

The Shokei Maru entered the beautiful Inland Sea of Japan, found its way through the maze of small water craft which lay at anchor or moved

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EVANS AT NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA, SHAKING HANDS WITH CAPT. C. C. MOSELY
WHO HAD FLOWN THE RACERS FROM SALT LAKE CITY

about Shimonoseki Harbor, warped in alongside the dock, and at 6.30 P.M. was secured. Here again there was a mob of reporters and photographers, the latter focusing on the racers as they leaned over the rail and exposing plates with amazing rapidity.

Two hours and fifteen minutes must pass before the crack train of the Imperial Government Railways would leave. This was the first time Evans had visited Japan, and as it would probably be his only opportunity while he was in the country to see something of native life, he was taken in tow by Mr. Koichi Kono, a member of the Government secret service who had been attached to the party, and conducted through all sections of this doll-like Japanese village.

Wells meanwhile had been surrounded in the Sanyo Hotel by reporters. Knowing that one of their demands would be for a message to the people of Japan, the newspaper man and Evans had prepared such a statement during their journey across the Straits and to each he presented a copy. This message read:

'Upon the occasion of our arrival in Japan proper, we desire to express to the Government and people of Japan our delight over being here, not only because this is beautiful Japan, but also because it marks the end of another milestone in our

hurried journey around the world and also the end of most of our troubles.

'Since leaving New York City, at 1.30 A.M., June 16, we have exerted every effort, resorted to almost every expedient, to arrive where we are at the present moment. We are not extraordinarily brave men, but we have faced many dangers — particularly during the past ten days — and come safely through; we have gone without food and sleep and rest for more hours than we care to remember; and we have been face to face with failure a dozen times, but invariably some Divine Providence has come to our aid and turned almost certain failure into success.

'To no individual, to no one organization can we give entire credit for the success to date of this race around the world against time, for every one with whom we have come in contact had done his level best and assisted materially to get us safely and quickly to the next point.

'We should be derelict, however, did we fail to express our gratification for the courteous and efficient treatment we have received from officials and others connected with the Manchurian and Chosen Governments and the South Manchuria and Chosen Railways. And knowing the Japanese, we anticipate the same treatment from representatives of

the Imperial Japanese Government and Railways, in whose hands we shall be for the next twenty-four hours.

"To charter special trains in America and to have tracks cleared is a matter of an hour, and when we found it necessary to apply for a special train for a hurried trip from Mukden to Fusan, and later, when another was needed between Chang-chun and Mukden, there was a modicum of doubt in our minds that the emergency would be satisfied. But this doubt was forever dispelled when we became acquainted with the elaborate plans which had been made to get us to Fusan in twenty-three and one half hours instead of the thirty ordinarily required. At Fusan we were on schedule to the minute and were thus able to connect with the Shokei Maru which brought us here on time.

"Soon we shall leave by the regular express for Yokohama and there board the Empress of Asia, which is planning to attempt to establish a record for trans-Pacific passage, and if all goes well we shall arrive back at our starting-point on July 11, something less than twenty-eight days for complete circumnavigation of the globe.

"But without the invaluable assistance rendered by the Japanese, dismal failure instead of this anticipated glorious success would have been the reward

for our effort. And we desire the people of Japan to know we are not unappreciative.'

Several attempts had been made during the journey from Mukden to Shimonoseki to persuade the racers to utilize the aircraft which had been placed at their disposal and fly from Shimonoseki to Yokohama the following morning. This meant lying over at Shimonoseki and risking making the boat connection at Yokohama, for weather is uncertain during the rainy season in Japan. The 'Osaka Mainichi' was particularly insistent that its planes be used, and Mr. Kamoi, editor of this newspaper and also of the 'Tokyo Nichi-Nichi,' traveled from Osaka to Shimonoseki to accompany the racers as far as Osaka for the purpose of an interview and also to request them personally to fly at least from Osaka to Yokohama. Evans and Wells expressed regrets and declined, even though they realized that should the flight be successful they would reach their destination by noon and thus be able to sail in the Asia on schedule, instead of having her delay sailing until they were aboard, which would probably be about 8.15 P.M.

The hour of departure arrived, and followed by half the village, it seemed, the racers walked to the train and discovered that Mr. Asano had reserved for their use the most ideally located compartment

on the train, and at 8.45 P.M. they were pulling out of the station on the last train journey they were to make during the trip.

For several hours they sat in the observation car and talked with Messrs. Asano and Kamoi, then turned in, to be awakened shortly after seven the following morning by a terrific uproar outside their compartment and insistent rapping on their door. Wells opened the door to face the vanguard of an army of photographers and reporters who accompanied the racers to Kobe, some of them continuing on to Osaka.

This train journey through Japan is a most interesting one, and Evans and Wells reveled in the beauty of it, although the picture was an old one to the reporter who had lived for many years in the Orient.

In all the length and breadth of Hondo there isn't an acre of tillable land not under cultivation. For hours travelers see nothing but rice paddies, with men, women, and children up to their knees in water industriously attending to their crops. Doll-like towns flash by, and here and there are extensive manufacturing plants, collieries, and other enterprises — visual proof of the industrial activity of the Japanese.

'I'm coming back to this country,' Evans an-

nounced toward the end of the day. He had heard 'the East a-callin'.'

Up until this time neither Evans nor Wells had made a single purchase. Evans mentioned this fact and stated emphatically that he intended to carry back to America something in the way of souvenirs from Japan.

'How about some silk things?' Wells asked.

'Fine, but we shan't have time,' Evans replied.

'There's a store in Yokohama that I know,' the reporter said, 'and if you want such things as kimonos, houri coats, pajamas, and shawls, I can telegraph to have the best in stock laid out for hurried purchases and we can stop there for five minutes on our way to the dock.'

Evans approved of this suggestion, and at Kobe the reporter sent a telegram to the Nikko Silk Store and to his friend Tommy Thompson, of the Yokohama office of the Admiral-Oriental Line, stating explicitly what they desired to purchase.

'Well, here's Kozu,' Wells announced, as the train pulled into a station. 'One hour to go.'

The words were hardly out of his mouth before the sound of hurried feet in the corridor penetrated his ears. 'More reporters,' he groaned. There were — a dozen of them — but some old friends, and among them Mr. Kumasaki, director of the

Hochi Shimbun, in Tokyo. Mr. Kumasaki was accompanied by his wife and two small daughters and they presented the racers with a bouquet of huge proportions, with the compliments of the Hochi Shimbun.

Soon the lights of the stricken city of Yokohama flashed in the distance and in a few minutes the train paused beside the platform of the Yokohama Station. Through the train window the racers perceived another mob of people, and in a semi-circle around the car entrance there was a battery of cameras. Flash guns began to pop immediately the pair appeared in the doorway, and then there were calcium flares to light the scene for the Pathé News cameramen.

It was something of a reunion. There was R. O. Matheson, Tokyo representative of the 'Chicago Tribune'; Fitzgerald and Ryan, of the Canadian Pacific Company; Tommy Thompson; and a score of other friends of the reporter. Ten minutes elapsed before the pair could escape, and then they were trailed through the station and into the street by a cheering multitude.

Fitzgerald and Ryan had brought a Packard Eight to the station and into this the racers climbed, posed for more photographs, and after a number of starts succeeded in getting through the crowd and

on its way through the earthquake-ravaged streets of this once great seaport. Even to-day, three years after the earthquake, what was once a magnificent city of a half-million people is little more than a collection of shacks and temporary business structures.

Within a few minutes the Packard pulled up before the Nikko store, before which was another crowd, attracted by the reported heavy and hurried purchases the racers were to make. The manager greeted his visitors effusively and with an expansive wave of his hands indicated the articles spread and hung all over the store. Without more ado, Evans and Wells turned to with a will. Picking up this article or that, they tossed it to a clerk, who noted its price, and packed it into a box.

'Here, Lint — what do you think of this?' shouted Evans, holding up a gorgeous fringed shawl.

'Beautiful!' Wells replied after a hurried glance, and inspecting a houri coat. 'How about this?'

'Great!' Evans answered. 'Pick out one for me, too.'

And so it went. Article after article was chosen and stowed away in the box, and in a few seconds less than five minutes the racers were back in their car and hurrying toward the Hatoba, the possessors of almost two hundred dollars' worth of silks.

EVANS GETTING OUT OF THE PLANE ON HIS ARRIVAL AT THE CLEVELAND AIRPORT

At the edge of the wharf Wells yelled for the car to stop, and directing Evans to follow him jumped out and commanded two ricksha coolies to hurry to their side. Into two elongated, man-powered vehicles he and Evans climbed, and in an instant the coolies were running toward the point where a launch was tied up, ready to carry them outside the breakwater where the Empress of Asia was awaiting them.

'That's another method of conveyance added to our list,' Evans said appreciatively as the coolie dropped the shafts of his ricksha, almost precipitating the Detroiter into a 'nose-dive.' 'I might learn to ride one if I stuck around for a while,' he added, regaining his equilibrium.

Without losing another instant, the pair hopped aboard the launch and accompanied by their friends started for the Asia. In fifteen minutes the launch was creeping alongside the gangway, and a few seconds later they were being warmly greeted by Staff Captain Goddard.

The decks adjacent to the gangway were crowded with swarms of passengers who cheered lustily as the racers boarded the ship, where Captain A. V. F. Lovegrove officially bade them welcome. Those who had accompanied Evans and Wells aboard the Asia tendered hurried well-wishes and scurried down

the gangway and into the launch, for the Empress of Asia was already under way and steaming through the darkness down Tokyo Bay toward the Pacific, six hours behind schedule.

The hour was 8.57 P.M., the date July 3. And success was at last assured.

CHAPTER XI

With their arrival aboard the Empress of Asia, Evans and Wells had established a record for speedy travel between New York and Yokohama which they believe will stand for several years to come.

With the aid of automobiles, airplanes, trains, steamers, droskies, and rickshas they had traveled something more than 12,500 miles in a total time of 17 days, 6 hours, and 27 minutes, or at a rate of speed slightly in excess of thirty miles an hour for continuous traveling.

It was with more of a feeling of relief than anything else that they found their way to the smoking-room and joined W. E. Laxon-Sweet, an Englishman who had ably looked after affairs of the race in Tokyo, and was now London-bound, to open an office for and to represent the Rengo News Agency of Japan.

'How do you feel now?' Sweet inquired.

'Relieved,' replied both men in unison.

'I should think so,' observed the Englishman. 'What will you have?'

Evans ordered a lemon-squash; Wells decided in favor of a double whiskey-soda; and while waiting

for the order to be filled the three men discussed the trip.

'Oh — by the way, Wells-san,' Sweet said, 'here's something for you.' From his wallet he extracted a card and passed it to the reporter. It bore the name of Yukichi Iwanaga, managing director of the Rengo News Agency, and a message of congratulation written in Japanese characters. '*Omedeto!*' Wells was obviously pleased that his friend should have remembered him thus.

'Iwanaga-san asked me to express his regrets over not being able to greet you personally,' Sweet explained.

Evans finally got fed up listening to reminiscences about the 'good old days in Japan,' and wandered off to bed, and Wells soon followed him. In their cabin they found the handbag they had shipped to Yokohama and also a sheaf of congratulatory cablegrams.

The Asia was filled to capacity. Every cabin was taken. And an account of this trans-Pacific voyage may best be given by excerpts from Wells's record of the trip:

'July 5th: While the Asia is not making the speed run across the Pacific as we expected, due to the company's belief that it would be wasted effort because she has been so long out of dry-dock, she is

making up the six hours lost as the result of our delayed arrival and consequently will arrive at Quarantine off Victoria by dawn July 12.

'Even if she were to arrive eight hours earlier it would not benefit us, because we would not attempt a night flight from Seattle across the unlighted, dangerous Cascade Mountains. We shall therefore leave the Asia at Quarantine on the morning of the twelfth, fly to Seattle and thence start our transcontinental flight in the giant Sikorsky which we have chartered for the trip. The weather is perfect and we are making twenty knots, skirting the Aleutian Islands.

'July 6th: With 1210 of her 4290-mile voyage across the Pacific completed, the Empress of Asia is steaming at twenty knots toward Victoria through a fog so thick one is unable to see one end of the vessel from the other. There has been a sudden change in the weather and Evans and I have acquired severe colds, putting us out of sorts with the world. Day after to-morrow is Meridian Day, when we cross the 180th meridian, thus making this an eight-day week, concerning which more anon. A grand *bal masqué* is scheduled for the evening of the second Wednesday and we are hoping we shall feel physically able to attend.

'The Asia is loaded down with celebrities, among

them John McCormack, the singer, and his family, returning to America after a concert tour through the Orient; Lady Ravensdale, daughter of Lord Curzon; Sir Francis Aglan, head of the Chinese Customs at Peking; and George S. Parker, the fountain-pen king, and his wife and daughter Virginia.'

Under date of July 8, Wells wrote a tribute to his friend Evans:

'Some people gain their thrills vicariously; others of us prefer to fare forth into the unknown in quest of the Goddess of Adventure and her sister, Romance.

'Of the latter class (few and far between, alas! except in the matter of desire) is Edward S. Evans, my friend and associate in this seemingly successful effort to put the well-known world in its proper place and prove that it isn't so large after all.

'Now that we are loafing aboard the Empress of Asia, three and a half days from Victoria, I agree with the Walrus that the time has come to speak of many things. In this instance it shall be about Evans, in whom business has not killed the desire to leave the beaten path and make for Adventure, to gamble with Fate, with his fortune and life at stake, and despite the protests of friends and business associates

'Looking backward, my impressions of Evans are varied.

'Regardless of how thoroughly the element of personal danger had been eliminated from this trip beforehand, danger attended us every step of the way. Evans knew it and I knew it, but that fact did not deter him from starting out, continuing, and proving that he has the courage of his convictions, particularly with respect to airplane travel, proof of the safety of which being one of the reasons for this race.

'Evans had never made a night flight prior to our momentous hop between Cologne and Magdeburg, and if there's anything more nerve-racking than night-flying over unlighted mountainous territory I don't know what it is; flying in a fog, perhaps. But not a single word of protest, even when it appeared probable we might have to use our parachutes.

'Then there was that cold night drive through the Erebian darkness of Germany, between Magdeburg and Berlin. We were hungry and tired and so cold our teeth chattered, but still there was no word of complaint.

'That night, the next, and still the next, we went without sleep and ate but a mouthful of food, but he thrived on it. Between Cherbourg and Omsk,

three full days, we dozed perhaps three hours and ate one meal — at Kurgan — but he smiled cheerfully, said, "This is the life," and prayed for more obstacles to overcome.

'Those long hours in the air, with the crack-crack of the motor deafening us, with potential dangers on every hand, were enough to try any man, but I never for an instant felt that Evans desired to pursue any other than a forward course. At Moscow he had been the one to suggest leaving the parachutes behind, and yet he murmured not a word of self-recrimination when it appeared we were lost in the storm over the Urals.

'Those hot, dusty, tiring days aboard the Trans-Siberian failed to elicit a protest.

'At Harbin, when we were confronted with the necessity of separating, he reluctantly accepted the more certain method of reaching Mukden by plane, and then, during the few hours at his command, worked indefatigably to get me a special train at Chang-chun.

'Then the tiring ride to Yokohama and these inactive days aboard ship, which suffer by contrast with the excitement of many previous days.

'That he has enjoyed it all, that he is the stuff of which adventurers are made, that he is an incomparable traveling companion was proved by his

ARRIVAL OF WELLS AT MITCHEL FIELD, NEW YORK

ARRIVAL OF EVANS AT MITCHEL FIELD, NEW YORK

comment when the worst of the trip was over and we were boarding the Asia at Yokohama.

'"Too bad the thrilling parts are over," he said regretfully.

'He may have been right, but commencing Monday morning there are thirty-two hours of day and night flying to be done between Seattle and New York, and perhaps the four mountain ranges between will provide him with the thrills he now considers exhausted.'

The question of time changes, based upon the direction one travels, is one about which the average individual is unbelievably ignorant. On Meridian Day Wells wrote the following explanation of this bewildering problem:

'To-day is that unique period in the eastbound trans-Pacific traveler's life known as Meridian Day — an orphan, unrecognized as an integral part of the year except in so far as it assists us to gain back the hours we have lost from our lives due to traveling eastward. Otherwise we should reach New York under a July 14th date line, instead of July 13th, when we expect to arrive.

'Every one who has read Jules Verne's "Around the World in Eighty Days," which is fundamentally responsible for this trip, remembers how the faithful Passepartout hurried Phileas Fogg to victory, after

he had conceded defeat, through the accidental discovery that because his master had kept London time he had apparently lost a day out of his life and there was still time for him to win his wager.

'The problem of time is unquestionably about the most bewildering with which an indifferent world has to deal. Evans and I have been forced to explain countless times that no matter what direction we might take not an iota of advantage would be gained or lost. But the arguments continue.

'Not so long ago the world was in somewhat of a mess with respect to time. By an act of Congress, President Arthur invited representatives of the world to meet at Washington in 1882 and thrash out the matter. That meeting has now gone down in history as the Prime Meridian Conference.

'It is a well-known fact that twenty-four hours are required for the world to make one complete revolution from west to east, the sun being a stationary body. The Prime Meridian Conference took natural laws into consideration and agreed to divide the world, in a northerly and southerly direction, into 360 imaginary equal parts, calling each segment a meridian of longitude and having an equivalent time value of four minutes. Three hundred and sixty times four — figure it out for yourself.

'It was necessary that there be a starting-point, and it was agreed that the British Observatory at Greenwich, England, should be the zero meridian, thus putting the 180th meridian in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, on the opposite side of the world and dividing the globe into two equal segments known as the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, the latter containing the continents of North and South America.

'An inspection of any world map shows that the 180th meridian, which has since become known as the International Date Line, follows a devious course through the Pacific. For instance, all of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands, the major portion of which extends into the Eastern Hemisphere, were allowed to remain in the Western, as were also certain groups of Pacific islands, for the sake of convenience. So much for that.

'The traveler leaving New York, which has West 75th meridian time, loses one hour for every fifteen meridians he crosses while traveling eastward. For instance, when it is noon in New York, the traveler in England, France, and Belgium is having five-o'clock tea or a whiskey-soda; in Moscow he's dining at seven o'clock; and in Tokyo he's slumbering at two o'clock the following morning. Let him continue eastward, as we are doing,

and he arrives at the International Date Line, forty-five degrees farther along from Tokyo, where it is five o'clock in the morning, seventeen hours later than it is in New York.

'Here the dateless Meridian Day occurs, which enables him to gain back the time he has lost and become seven hours up. Otherwise, were he to continue on to New York, which is 105 degrees to the east, he would arrive a full calendar day ahead of New York time, which naturally is impossible. To-morrow morning, when Meridian Day is past, we shall be seven hours behind New York, instead of the seventeen hours we were ahead yesterday, and this we shall lose between now and the time we reach the finish line. Meridian Day this voyage fell on Wednesday and consequently we have had two Wednesdays this week, of which this is the second, and it is to be celebrated by a fancy-dress ball to-night.

'If one travels westward the situation is reversed, for one hour is gained every fifteen degrees until the Date Line is reached, when at one fell swoop an entire day is taken from one's life, which is made up hour by hour as meridians are jumped westward until the starting-point is reached.

'Ship captains are sometimes placed in embarrassing positions on the westbound trip, particu-

larly if missionaries are aboard and the Date Line is reached on a Sunday, in which event the day automatically becomes Monday. The story is told about one skipper who jumped a Sunday and was immediately approached by a band of irate missionaries who declared he was guilty of outrageous conduct. They demanded that the day be set back, in order that they might conduct church services.

'Realizing how useless it would be for him to argue the question, he ordered a member of the crew to bring him a piece of chalk, which was done. Then requesting the missionaries to follow him, he descended to the promenade deck and at the midship section of the vessel he drew a line across the deck.

"'There," he said, pointing aft, the bar being located there, "it is Monday. There," pointing forward, "it is Sunday. Go ahead and hold your church services!" '

On Thursday, July 9, Wells wrote:

'At the present moment, with the completion of the twenty-fourth day of the world race, the Empress of Asia is steaming steadily toward Victoria, 1000 miles distant, at twenty knots. Captain Lovegrove assures us that Quarantine will be reached by five o'clock Monday morning.

'Evans and I are thoroughly rested, and although not completely recovered from our colds are keen to start on our final strenuous effort to reduce Mears's record by at least eight days — a one-stop flight from Seattle to New York in the Sikorsky. This morning's press news contained an account of its hop-off from New York, which relieved our minds considerably. Edward and I were beginning to wonder about that stretch, for, despite more than thirty radiographic inquiries, we have not received a single response, and are entirely in the dark as to whether plans previously formulated and others which we subsequently requested be made would be carried to a successful conclusion.'

About eleven o'clock Friday evening, July 10, the racers were again to realize all too well that even in America, which they had counted on spanning with the maximum speed and minimum delay, they could be threatened with disaster, for during a dance a radio message was handed to Wells. Without any premonition of trouble he finished the dance before reading it. The message stunned him, for it contained the announcement that the Sikorsky plane was down at Chicago and would be unable to fly the racers from Seattle to New York!

CHAPTER XII

Evans and Wells had deluded themselves into believing that most of their troubles were over.

They would, they thought, leave the Empress of Asia at the Victoria Quarantine Station, fly to Seattle, board the Sikorsky, and aside from an occasional thrill to break the monotony of such a long journey, land in New York some thirty-two hours later.

Wells had been bemoaning the fact that no replies to his many messages had been received; then came the announcement that their plane was out of the running at Chicago. While he and Evans were planning on what to do to counteract this disastrous breakdown in their schedule, other messages began to pour in. A majority contained the same information — the Sikorsky was down at Chicago and the racers were left in the lurch. 'Please advise.'

There were two cheering messages from F. L. Earp, of the 'Seattle Times,' who was looking after the racers' plans in the northwest. One stated that Eddie Hubbard, who flies the air mail between Seattle and Victoria, would meet the Asia at William Head, the quarantine station, and carry them

to Sand Point, the Seattle airdrome; the other said that arrangements had been made with the Canadian authorities for immediate quarantine, customs, and immigration clearance.

'Well, that assures our safe arrival at Seattle,' Wells said to Evans. 'From there on —' he shrugged his shoulders. 'This is midnight Friday, to-morrow's Saturday and a half-holiday; the next day is Sunday; and we're landing at dawn Monday. The prospect of getting a flock of airplanes isn't so good.'

'Eddie Stinson and Bill Mara said they would be in Chicago Monday to escort us to New York,' Evans reminded. 'Let's send them a radio and ask them to hop to Salt Lake City immediately. Maybe they can get there in time.'

'Okeh,' Wells agreed. 'We might as well send messages to everybody within flying distance of Seattle, requesting assistance. There's the Boeing Plant, at Seattle; Walter Varney has some Swallows at Pasco and Boise. Between those two we ought to get to Salt Lake City. But for safety's sake we'd better ask the Army and Air Mail Service to help out.'

The reporter was soon at his typewriter pounding out hundreds of dollars' worth of radiograms.

To Walter T. Varney, at Boise, Idaho, who flies

THE HOLDER OF THE ROUND-THE-WORLD RECORD MEETS THE NEW RECORD-BREAKERS AT MITCHEL FIELD

Mr. John Henry Mears between Wells and Evans

the air mail between Elko, Nevada, and Pasco, Washington, the following message was sent:

'Rush reply Empress of Asia if you are prepared fly us Pasco Salt Lake City. We arrive Seattle six o'clock morning twelfth and are doing utmost to secure plane for immediate flight Pasco.'

The president of the Boeing Airplane Company at Seattle received the following message:

'We have flown more than five thousand miles over Europe, Russia, and Asia under most difficult conditions imaginable without single mishap in our attempt encircle globe shortest time. Plane we chartered for flight Seattle–New York forced down Chicago leaving us lurch. We arrive Seattle six morning July twelfth. Can you have best plane Sand Point ready fly us direct New York or to Pasco or Salt Lake City?'

The next message went to W. Irving Glover, Second Assistant Postmaster-General, in charge of the Air Mail Service:

'Our plane out of running Chicago. Exerting every effort secure another for flight Seattle–New York or somewhere between. May be left stranded somewhere along air-mail route. In view of tremendous obstacles already overcome establish worth-while record circumnavigation globe twenty-seven days please request Postmaster-General to

authorize our transportation via air-mail planes this emergency far as necessary.'

Secretary of War Davis and General Mason M. Patrick, Chief of the Army Air Service, were appealed to in this message:

'We have flown more than five thousand miles over Europe, Russia, and Asia under most difficult conditions imaginable without single mishap in our effort encircle the globe in shortest possible time. Plane we chartered for last leg — Seattle New York — forced down Chicago leaving us lurch. We arrive Sand Point Seattle six o'clock morning July twelfth and it is imperative we have plane ready for flight direct New York or at least part way. Will you please authorize plane somewhere vicinity Seattle meet and assist us in this emergency enable us establish twenty-seven-day record, to accomplish which we have already overcome tremendous obstacles.'

A dozen additional messages were sent to various points, and at daybreak the reporter left the radio-room and turned in for two hours' sleep. During the morning replies began to pour in. There were a number of conflicting messages, but the racers felt progress was being made.

A message from the Boeing Airplane Company said:

'Chamber of Commerce Seattle has requested permission two Army Air Service pilots fly you east from Seattle. Doing everything possible to arrange this.'

William A. Mara, general manager of the Stinson Airplane Company at Northville, Michigan, came through with this cheering message:

'Have arranged with Charles Wrightson care Varney Air Mail Line Boise to send plane to Seattle picking you up there morning July twelfth and flying you to Salt Lake City possibly further east to Cheyenne. Stinson and I leaving in plane Sunday morning for Cheyenne arriving there Monday prepared fly you New York.'

Varney wired the following from Boise:

'Will have plane at Pasco twelfth for flight to Salt Lake. Must leave Pasco by one P.M. Wire Frank Bell, Claremont Hotel, Seattle, my traffic manager, to assist you in getting transportation to Pasco.'

A message was instantly dispatched to Bell and a few hours later he replied:

'Plane Seattle to Pasco very uncertain. Can make it in five hours by automobile in emergency. Advise.'

He was advised to continue his efforts to secure a plane, and if he failed, to have a Packard Eight ready at Sand Point.

Messages continued to be received and sent all day Saturday, and Wells spent most of his time in the radio-room with the two operators, John G. Newberg and George J. Huddleston, of the Canadian Marconi Company, who had cheerfully handled his long messages during the trip and now entered into the spirit of the occasion, calling station after station along the coast to determine if any messages for the racers were being held.

Early Sunday morning this mysterious message came from the newspaper syndicate carrying the racers' exclusive story:

'Hines furnishing plane Seattle-Fairfield and there New York. Cancelling Mara.'

The racers could not figure out the identity of 'Hines,' so they radioed for information, suggesting that Mara had better be allowed to stand by. Later in the day a message cleared up the mystery:

'General Hines acting absence Secretary Davis War Department.'

'Hot-diggery-dog, Edward!' Wells yelled, when this message was received. 'The Army's come to our rescue.'

At that time the status of their flight across the United States appeared to be that the Army Air Service had decided to fly them straight through to New York from Seattle, although no corroboration

was received until the ship arrived at Victoria. Earp even radioed from Victoria at midnight Sunday that 'Army flyers at Sand Point still without orders but anxious make trip.' The racers also had in reserve an automobile which would put them into Pasco by noon. From there Varney would get them to Salt Lake City before dark. Between Salt Lake City and Cheyenne they had fourteen hours of train travel, but at the Wyoming capital Stinson was standing by with his wonderful performing plane for a quick flight into New York.

Both Evans and Wells felt considerably relieved, despite the uncertainty of the entire situation, when they turned in after midnight for two hours of sleep. They were up at three o'clock, ate breakfast, and then made their way to the bridge where they found Captain Lovegrove conning his ship into Quarantine. They were arriving at the hour he had predicted nine days before and the racers expressed their sincere thanks for his and his officers' assistance in getting them this far in their race.

Despite the earliness of the hour, more than half the passengers were up and about, eager to see the start of the transcontinental flight, which was to be made from within a few yards of the Asia.

'I wonder where Hubbard is?' Wells asked,

scanning the horizon without locating a flying boat. Some distance away was a launch, darting through the glass-like water of the Straits.

'That's Earp, I imagine,' Evans said, which supposition proved to be true.

Evans and Wells accompanied Captain Goddard below decks to where a cargo port had been thrown open and a Jacob's-ladder dropped over the side, in anticipation of the arrival of the quarantine officials, without whose sanction the racers could not leave the ship. Their baggage was all ready to be cleared by customs officers and lowered into the launch which was now coming alongside. 'Here's mail and telegrams for you,' Earp shouted, tossing a package through the port.

'How about the Army flying us to New York?' Wells called, for the launch was standing off some distance.

'No orders received the last I heard,' the Seattle newspaper man replied.

Wells was tearing open telegrams and the first to meet his gaze was the following:

'Reference your telegram tenth instructions issued to Commanding General Ninth Corps Area San Francisco California to have two airplanes at Seattle Monday July twelfth to transport you and Edward S. Evans conditions permitting.'

It was signed by Robert C. Davis, Adjutant-General of the United States Army!

For perhaps the tenth time during the race Wells felt a sense of great peace steal upon him. But it was to be short-lived.

There was also a message from Harris M. Hanshue, head of the Western Air Express at Los Angeles:

'Western Air Express will fly you from Salt Lake to North Platte starting daylight Tuesday morning for twenty-five hundred dollars. Daylight flying only as planes are not equipped for night flying. Major Mosely will pilot and is waiting your arrival ready start at appointed hour. Best wishes for success.'

'That about fixes us up,' Wells said gleefully. 'We've got more airplanes than we know what to do with. But the Army's on the job and we'll get there.' In which observation Evans concurred.

'Here's a message which will gladden your heart, Edward,' the reporter said, passing his friend a telegram.

Evans read these words:

'By direction of John McE. Bowman of the Hotel Biltmore, New York City, I am conveying his most cordial invitation for you and Edward S. Evans to be his guests at the Biltmore during your

stay in New York.' It was signed Robert J. Kennedy and H. H. Schuyler.

Evans had long been a patron of the Biltmore, Wells's home had been the Ambassador; but the two decided to accept the invitation and later dispatched a telegram to this effect.

The Empress of Asia had come to a stop off the Quarantine Station, but still there was no sign of Hubbard's plane.

'He told me over the phone last night he'd be here at five o'clock,' Earp declared, a worried note in his voice.

It was then five-ten and the quarantine launch was drawing alongside. A boatload of photographers and reporters had meanwhile joined the little fleet of boats lying near the Asia. Questions were being hurled across the water; pictures were being taken in the thin morning light.

The doctor, followed by a customs inspector, came aboard, and without an instant's hesitation gave Evans and Wells clearance, and they lost no time in climbing down the Jacob's-ladder and into Earp's launch, where for the next fifteen minutes they posed for pictures, replied to questions, waved responses to greetings from their erstwhile fellow passengers manning the rails of the Asia, and anxiously scanned the horizon to the east.

THE LAST LAP: SPEEDING FROM MITCHEL FIELD TO THE FINISH

'There he is!' shouted some one, and all eyes strained to penetrate the mist, and in a few seconds were able to distinguish the outline of Eddie Hubbard's flying boat. Three minutes later he had stopped within a dozen yards of the launches and in five minutes the racers were crouched in the after cockpit of the plane and were skimming across the water. Then they were clear of the straits, making a half-turn around the Asia and speeding on their way to Seattle, an hour's flight distant.

Hubbard flew most of the distance within fifty feet of the water, occasionally going higher in order to clear the various islands and peninsulas which he cut across. There was a slight headwind which retarded the speed of the flying boat somewhat, but the trip was made safely in one hour and ten minutes. At 6.50 A.M. he dropped his craft gently on the face of the water and taxied slowly toward the beach at Sand Point, Seattle's airport.

CHAPTER XIII

'Looks like that picture of Columbus being greeted by the Indians,' Wells remarked, surveying the interested spectators standing on the beach. At the water's edge, getting their feet wet, were the camera men, ready to record on celluloid the racers' return to American soil.

One of the men attached to the airport stripped to a bathing suit and waded fifteen feet out where Hubbard's boat had grounded. Wells climbed to the bow of the plane, perched on the back of the man, and was thus carried ashore. A minute later Evans was beside him and they were receiving a message of welcome sent by the Seattle Chamber of Commerce.

Two United States customs officers had been sent specially to give them an immediate inspection, and within a few minutes these formalities were completed and both men given a clean bill of health.

While undergoing examination, Wells inquired about the Army planes and was told that orders to make the flight had been received but a half-hour before they arrived. Whereupon Frank Bell, Varney's representative, introduced them to Lieutenant T. K. Matthews, an Army Air Service officer

attached to the Boeing Airplane plant at Seattle, and Lieutenant T. J. Koenig, in charge of the Army's reserve planes at Sand Point.

'All we've got here,' Matthews said, 'are these two de Havilands. And as much as we'd like to obey orders and accommodate you, it's out of the question to expect them to get you to New York. We'll carry you as far as Pasco.'

Wells displayed the telegram he had received from the Adjutant-General.

'I know,' Koenig replied; 'but evidently San Francisco didn't receive the orders in time and we only got ours this morning. The best we can do for you is to put you into Pasco. Varney will get you to Salt Lake, and Mosely, I understand, is there ready to carry you to Cheyenne or North Platte.'

'But Mosely won't fly at night and that means we'll have to lay over at Salt Lake all night. We've got to get to New York by 1.29 Wednesday morning.'

Bell proposed that possibly Varney would fly the racers from Pasco to some point along the Union Pacific Line where they could connect with a train which would put them in Cheyenne early the following morning, where Stinson would pick them up and carry them to New York.

'The Western Air Express wants too much

money for a flight to North Platte,' Evans protested, and Wells agreed.

It was finally decided to call Varney on the phone and find out if he could overtake a train in the neighborhood of Granger, Wyoming, about dark; to reach Mosely by phone and find out if he wouldn't make a night flight in an emergency. Meanwhile two D.H.'s were being rolled out of the hangar and warmed up.

Mosely said he couldn't make the night flight under any circumstances. Varney advised the racers to come on as soon as they could and he would find out whether their idea could be carried out.

By this time it was eight o'clock, the baggage had been stowed in the planes, and all preparations completed for the flight. Wells took his seat in Matthews's plane. Evans got set behind Koenig, and at 8.05 A.M., July 12, both planes were in the air and confronted by the grueling task of reaching New York City within thirty-one hours if they were to establish a record of less than twenty-eight days.

There was a heavy fog hanging over Seattle that morning and within a few minutes after the hop-off the two planes became separated, but Matthews laid his course across the Cascade Mountains toward the southeastern end of Washington and fol-

lowed it unerringly. It was one of the most thrilling flights Wells had ever made. Mountains towering seven and eight thousand feet were on every side of them below; there wasn't visible any space where an airplane could land in an emergency; but this possibility the reporter dismissed from his mind in contemplation of the beauty of the grizzled head of Mount Rainier, in stately solitude brooding over and dwarfing the peaks which surround it.

The plane soared over the Columbia River, and rather than turn south and follow the railroad toward Yakima and from there east to Pasco, Matthews took the more direct route straight across the mountains, flying at almost ten thousand feet altitude. At 10.25 the Army flyer turned and pointed toward a village nestling in a valley some distance ahead. His lips formed the word, 'Pasco.' Wells nodded. The plane began to descend in a long series of dives and for a few minutes the reporter experienced an agonizing earache caused by the rapid change in altitude. And then the almost overpowering heat; he felt smothered as great gusts of hot air struck him in the face and made him almost breathless. Pasco is *hot!*

Matthews made a perfect landing at 10.30, but Koenig's plane had not arrived, and for the next twenty-five minutes Wells experienced a feeling

of uneasiness. He had not seen Evans's plane since the hop-off at Seattle, and if anything had happened while it was over the mountains, well —

But the other Army ship finally descended into the 'furnace,' and the racers' effects were removed from the two Army planes and stowed in a Swallow, which stood on the line near by. It had only a single cockpit directly behind the motor, and the space of this was restricted, but the two men were to sit in it among their baggage for more than seven hours. They were introduced to their pilot, Joe Taff, who was said to know every inch of the distance between Pasco and Boise, which proved to be the truth.

The citizens of Pasco were present in great numbers to extend a welcome and an invitation to 'Watch Pasco Grow.' They inquired if the travelers were hungry and receiving an affirmative answer, promptly provided sandwiches, coffee, and milk.

At 11.30 Taff managed to get off the ground and into the hot, stifling air with his heavy load, although for an exciting moment it appeared that he would not be able to make it. Then commenced the most thrilling flight either Evans or Wells had ever taken or ever expect to take.

It was midday and the air was hot and bumpy.

Ominous-looking rain clouds obliterated the sky to the east and south, toward which the flight must be made, if Boise were to be reached; in addition, a violent head-wind was soon encountered. The country below was by far the worst either of the men had ever flown over — a series of barren, sloping hills for as far as the eye could see.

Wells leaned over and yelled in Evans's ear:

'A jay-bird couldn't land out here without breaking his neck.'

A Swallow isn't much bigger than the bird whose name it bears, and to make matters worse the motor began to cut out. Whenever this would happen the plane would slip off to one side and go into a nose dive from which the pilot would pull out only after it had fallen a hundred feet or so. Then a gust of air would send it soaring into the air a hundred feet or more, after which it would drop. Taff tried every altitude up to eight thousand feet, but couldn't locate a smooth channel, and for four hours the little ship wallowed through valleys and over mountains, dodging or ploughing through rain-storms without number.

The duration of that flight seemed an eternity, but at 3.35 P.M. Taff landed on the Air Mail field at Boise and in doing so broke a tail-skid. This necessitated a forty-five minute delay for repairs,

but at 4.30, with Leon D. Cuddeback at the stick, the racers were again in the air in the same plane and cutting across country, some of which was equally as bad, toward Salt Lake City. Varney had vetoed the suggestion that an attempt be made to fly to Granger, and it was decided to go on to Salt Lake City and there board a train at 8.20 which would put them into Cheyenne the following morning.

But Mother Fate was still up to her old pranks and it was not until 8.35 P.M. that Evans and Wells were landed on the Air Mail field at Salt Lake City, devoutly thankful that their perilous flight across Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Utah was safely behind them.

'I wouldn't make that flight again under any consideration,' Wells announced when he crawled stiffly out of the plane. 'Any man who flies that route regularly is deliberately committing suicide.' And Evans echoed his sentiments.

Captain C. C. Mosely, of the Army Air Service, temporarily superintending the operation of the Western Air Express, flying mail, passengers, and express between Salt Lake City and Los Angeles, was waiting at the field when the globe-girdlers landed and his opening remark was:

'My God, Lint! What're you trying to do now?'

THE FINISH

'Get to Cheyenne or North Platte in a hurry, Mose,' the reporter replied, waving his arms wildly in a vain endeavor to beat off the swarms of mosquitoes threatening to eat him.

'There's a Standard over there without lights, but Thompson says he'll try to get you through, if you want to chance it,' said Mosely, motioning toward a small plane near by.

'I'm not that foolish,' Wells announced; 'nor in that big a hurry.'

The three men were joined by Remelin, in charge of the Western Air Express's Salt Lake interests, and it was decided to adjourn to the Newhouse Hotel for a bath, meal, and debate over what course of action was to be followed. There were no more trains for Cheyenne that night.

'Stinson's at North Platte,' Mosely said, during the drive into the city. 'We can hop off from here at dawn and I'll get you to North Platte by ten-thirty.'

'You're asking too much money, Mose,' Wells asserted.

'I'm not; it's the company,' replied the Army officer. 'Get Hanshue on the phone in Los Angeles and talk it over with him.'

'But even if you get us to North Platte by ten-thirty,' Evans said, 'Stinson can't possibly get us

to New York before one-thirty Wednesday morning.'

'What about these Army planes?' Mosely asked.

'Search me,' replied the reporter. 'They've probably got a couple of planes along the line for us. We'll call Stinson on the phone and find out, when we get to the hotel.'

Shortly after nine the weary travelers were in their rooms at the Newhouse and calls for Hanshue and Stinson had been placed.

'If the Army will give you a couple of these Douglas O-2's, you can make New York in time,' Mosely declared.

The Los Angeles call was finally put through and Evans discussed the situation with Mr. Hanshue, who finally directed Mosely to fly the racers to North Platte for a sum considerably less than that first asked. An hour later Stinson was on the phone and after a few minutes' conversation with him, Evans talked with Bill Mara, who was accompanying the dean of flyers.

'Bill says two Army planes arrived from Fort Riley this afternoon, under orders to carry us to Fairfield,' Evans announced.

'Ask him what kind,' urged Wells. Evans put the question.

'Douglas O-2's,' he stated, and instantly there was a loud whoop of joy from Mosely's corner.

'You'll get there on time, now,' he predicted.

'Mara says only one of these planes can fly at night,' Evans said, 'but he thinks the Army will replace the one which can't at Fairfield.'

Now that Army planes were again at the disposal of the racers, and fast ones, at that, Mara suggested that he and Stinson should return to Chicago or Fairfield, and stand by for an emergency call, which Evans approved. By this time it was after eleven o'clock, so Mosely left to secure a few hours' sleep. Evans turned in for the same purpose, while Wells remained up to write a story and some other messages. When this was completed it was almost one-thirty, so he bathed and dressed, and at two-fifteen called Evans. Mosely was to call for them at two-thirty, but it was almost three when he appeared. After a light breakfast the party drove to the field and soon afterward a new Douglas O-2 was on the line ready to hop off as the first streaks of dawn appeared over the mountains which rise several thousand feet from the very outskirts of Salt Lake City.

The seating accommodations in the plane were comfortable and convenient, Wells and Evans sitting in adjoining cockpits in front of the pilot and

facing each other. They were now equipped with parachutes, which added to their feeling of security, for the flight to North Platte was to be over two ranges of mountains — the Wasatch and Rockies. It was not until 4.20 A.M. that Mosely was able to leave the ground and then he was forced to make three complete circuits of the field in the dim morning light before he could rise to sufficient altitude to clear the range.

It was a beautiful morning for a flight, although the speed of the plane seldom rose above 110 miles an hour due to varying winds. With its motor purring rhythmically, the Douglas flashed its way across the Wasatch range and into Wyoming. Mosely kept his passengers amused and interested by frequent 'Airgrams,' which he wrote and passed forward, calling attention to various sights having historical interest, and describing experiences he had undergone during countless previous flights over this section of America. Green River, Rock Springs, Rawlins flashed into view and were left behind as the plane approached the Continental Divide. Soon this too was crossed and the Douglas sped over the 'land of five-gallon hats and "dude" ranches,' as Mosely described the sparsely settled region below.

At 7.55 A.M. Mountain Time, Mosely set his

plane down on the Air Mail field at Cheyenne to have his gas supply replenished, and at 8.40 A.M. the ship was again in flight over the plains of south-eastern Wyoming toward North Platte, where a landing was made at 11.50 A.M., Central Time. Six hours and thirty minutes had been required for the flight from Salt Lake City. The racers were thirty minutes behind schedule, but with a good tail-wind could still arrive in New York before 1.30 the following morning.

The propellers of two Army Douglas O-2's were turning over as Mosely taxied his plane up to the line and his passengers crawled hurriedly out to make the acquaintance of the two officers who were to pilot them — Captain Thomas Boland and Lieutenant Ralph E. Fisher.

By 12.10 P.M. the race had been resumed. Evans was flying with Captain Boland; Wells with Lieutenant Fisher. Since the previous Friday evening the reporter had slept but little; the night before he had not slept at all; and he had anticipated wooing Morpheus during the flight to Fairfield, but all attempts proved fruitless. There was no windshield attached in front of his seat, and a section of the fuselage had been removed behind him; consequently there was a draft through his cockpit which chilled him to the marrow, and try as he

might he could not keep warm. So he simply sat and shivered during the six-hour-and-forty-five-minute flight to Chanute Field at Rantoul, Illinois.

Before leaving North Platte the Army officers had predicted they would reach Fairfield by dark, but the anticipated tail-wind did not materialize; to the contrary, for both planes bucked strong head-winds all the way to Rantoul, where they were forced to land for gasoline only an hour before dark.

No sooner had the planes taxied to a stop than Captain Boland received orders from Major George Brett, Commanding Officer of Wilbur Wright Field at Fairfield, to proceed to Cleveland, where two other Army planes, equipped for night-flying, would relieve his and Lieutenant Fisher's. It was obvious that the ships could not be gassed and prepared for flight before 7.00 P.M., and any attempt on the part of Boland to reach Cleveland or even Fairfield would endanger both his and Evans's life; a pilot can hardly be expected to fly a plane when twelve short exhaust stacks are flashing like torches in his face. Realizing this, the racers confessed defeat, and accepted the hospitality of Major William C. McChord, commanding Chanute Field.

They had traveled seventeen thousand miles, faced almost certain disaster a dozen times and been able to pull through safely and on schedule.

And yet here in America they were to lose more than twenty hours' time during a 3250-mile journey, even with the United States Army Air Service doing everything possible to assist them. It brought home to the racers all too keenly the deplorable state of the commercial airplane development in America. For were this country adequately equipped in that respect there would have been a score of airplanes, equipped for night-flying, at their command. It wasn't the fault of the Army Air Service that they could not be carried to Fairfield on schedule; all Army planes cannot be equipped for flying in darkness; it was the lack of commercial airplanes and bad luck.

Major George E. A. Remburg, the executive officer at Chanute Field, saw to the comfort of the travelers and installed them in Major McChord's quarters, after which they adjourned to the Officers' Club for dinner, neither of the men having eaten since before their departure from Salt Lake City.

Evans turned in about ten o'clock, but Wells had a story and a score of other messages to write and file, with frequent interruptions in the form of long-distance calls, all for the purpose of determining the reason for the delay. But about midnight he crawled wearily into bed and slept until 2.45,

when he and Evans were called. At the post kitchen they swallowed strong black coffee, climbed into their flying-suits, adjusted their parachutes, and at 3.50 o'clock were in the air, roaring across the dark heavens above the fertile fields of Illinois toward Cleveland.

There was not a cloud in the sky until the planes were about over Lorain, Ohio, and then they observed black storm clouds hovering over Cleveland and adjacent territory, and when they reached this point they found themselves in the midst of a heavy rain-storm. Fisher cut off his motor and shouted back to his passenger:

'Do you know where the field is?'

Wells pointed toward the east, having landed at the Glenn Martin Field on several previous flights. Meanwhile the two planes had separated and were lost from view in the mist. For thirty-five minutes Fisher flew over every section of Cleveland trying to locate the Air Mail field, his already low gas supply about to give out. He couldn't have remained in the air for more than ten minutes longer, when he espied a light flickering through the haze. Flying toward it he saw the field, and at 8.58 A.M. landed. Captain Boland, who had turned in the opposite direction, had seen the beacon which had been turned on to assist the racers to locate the

THE CITY HALL STEPS, NEW YORK, AFTER THE FINISH

Left to right: Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Edward S. Evans, Mayor Walker, Linton Wells, Mr. Mears

field, and landed thirty minutes before. The fault was Wells's, in part, for he had misdirected Fisher, not knowing that Cleveland had opened a new airport southwest of the city; the other field having been to the east.

Quite a crowd had braved the rain to see the racers arrive. Mr. Egge, in charge of that division of the Air Mail, placed every facility of the field at their disposal, as the Air Mail had done at every point.

Weather reports between Cleveland and New York were not at all promising, and Mr. Egge advised the racers to fly low over Bellefont, Pennsylvania, where they would be signaled down if storms between there and New York threatened to force them down over the Allegheny Mountains, considered to be the worst stretch of flying country in the United States.

At 9.34 A.M., Eastern Standard Time, July 14, Evans and Wells started on the last leg of their race. The strain of constant traveling was beginning to tell, although they were not as weary as they had thought they would be. The strain particularly affected their nerves, for now that the trip was being brought to a successful conclusion a natural reaction was setting in.

Bad weather attended the flight every inch of

the way between Cleveland and New York, but neither plane faltered for an instant as they sped across Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, striking the tip of Long Island and continuing on toward Mitchel Field. Evans was the first to land, at 2.58 P.M., and Wells followed one minute later.

The planes taxied up to the line, before which stood a mob of Army officers, reporters, cameramen, and friends.

Mrs. W. M. Husson, Evans's sister, was the first to greet the Detroiter as he climbed out of his plane. Then Evans was clasped in a bear-like hug by his son, Edward, Junior, who had come from Detroit to welcome his father.

Photographers were scurrying wildly about trying to get pictures; reporters were beseeching information. Wells found time to greet his friend and occasional collaborator, Nels Leroy Jorgensen. His erstwhile traveling companion, young Evans, nearly crushed the breath out of him. John Henry Mears, whose 13-year-old record both men were about to break — had broken, in fact — was on hand to extend his congratulations and to announce his intention of regaining the record.

'You're welcome to it,' Evans said generously; 'but, old boy, you'll have to travel some.' And he will.

At the entrance to Mitchel Field there was a motorcycle escort standing before a Packard Eight, impatient to be off, and to this the racers finally escaped, and at 3.10 were on their way at break-neck speed toward Manhattan, followed by several cars containing photographers, reporters, and others. In front of them was a car which was to act as a buffer in the event of threatened accidents, but it succeeded only in keeping both men sitting on the edge of their seat.

'Give me flying any day,' Wells said fervently, as a seemingly certain collision was averted.

Across the Williamsburg Bridge raced the cortège, and swung south toward Park Row. A few minutes before four o'clock the dome of the City Hall came into view.

'It's all over but the shouting *now*,' Wells said to Evans.

'I'll admit it — *now*,' his friend replied. 'No, I won't either,' he added as the Packard narrowly missed being hit by a truck.

The motorcycle police swung into Park Row, past the Pulitzer Building, and before any one could call a halt, the Packard had followed them into the square before the City Hall.

'This isn't the place,' Wells yelled.

'Sure it is,' some one replied. 'Jimmy Walker's waiting to see you.'

'Well, he'll have to wait until we get to the finish,' the reporter cried, 'and that's in front of the World Building.'

Although the racers had already crossed the finish line, they had to turn around and retrace their steps a hundred yards, and at 4.06.05 P.M., New York daylight saving time, Vilhjálmur Stefánsson, the official timer of the race, checked them in.

It was finished!

By the frequent exertion of almost superhuman effort, with its attendant dangers and thrills, pleasures and sorrows, and the expenditure of more than $32,000, Edward S. Evans and Linton Wells had encircled the globe in 28 days, 14 hours, 36 minutes, and 5 seconds, lowering the thirteen-year-old record of John Henry Mears by 7 days, 6 hours, 58 minutes, and 55 seconds.

Truly the world had grown considerably smaller since the days when Mr. Jules Verne sent the redoubtable Phileas Fogg 'Around the World in Eighty Days.'

THE END

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

SHORTLY after the completion of the race, I learned that I had been quoted in criticism of the Air Mail Service and the Army Air Service. Nothing could have been farther removed from my mind, for at no time did I, or Evans, comment in other than laudatory terms about either service.

Upon receipt of the following letter, I immediately telephoned Mr. Gove and denied emphatically that I had said what was attributed to me in the third paragraph. Later, during a visit to Cleveland, I questioned Mr. Egge, who was present during the interview in question, and secured that gentleman's corroboration that no such remarks had been made in that manner.

MY DEAR MR. WELLS:

First I desire to congratulate you and Mr. Evans most heartily on your record-breaking trip around the world. It is a wonderful achievement, and I am sure you have every reason in the world to feel elated over the event. I sincerely hope the record will stand for many years to come.

I note in the afternoon edition of our local papers what reports to be an interview with you, which reads as follows:

'Evans and I met real surprise when we learned that the Air Mail would not carry us across the country. In fact a wire sent to the Air Mail after learning of the Sikorsky difficulties was not even answered.'

I received your message Monday morning. The Sunday papers had announced that the War Department would fly you across the continent. I confirmed this Monday morning after the receipt of your wire at the War Department, and assured them that the Air Mail Service would offer every possible facility in helping you across the country. In view of

the fact that what appeared to be satisfactory arrangements had been made, I did not deem it necessary to send you a wire. Probably I should have done so, and of course, at the moment, regret that I did not. The Army planned the route from North Platte east and at my suggestion endeavored to have their route changed so as to follow the Air Mail, and failed in that because you had left North Platte when the instructions were sent out, and efforts to flag your planes down at Omaha failed.

Nevertheless, despite the many difficulties which you encountered, you have succeeded in setting up a new record, which unquestionably will stand for a long time, and the many obstacles encountered in hanging up this record add to the glory of the event.

Sincerely yours

CHASE C. GOVE

Acting Second Assistant Postmaster-General

Having proved this report to be erroneous, I was next amazed to learn that I was accused of criticizing the Army Air Service for its failure to get Evans and me to New York on schedule. Without having seen the published remarks, and knowing that whatever they were, they were untrue, I telegraphed a categorical denial to General Mason M. Patrick, Chief of the Army Air Service, and subsequently wrote him the following letter:

DEAR GENERAL PATRICK:

The information, contained in a recent letter, reporting that I had been quoted as having criticized the Army Air Service, came in the nature of a thunderbolt. Immediately upon its receipt I telegraphed you a categorical denial, stressing the fact that at no time prior to, during, or subsequent to our race around the world against time, did either I or Captain Edward S. Evans mention the Army Air Service, its personnel or equipment, except in terms of highest praise.

TALKING OVER THE TRIP IN THE HOTEL BILTMORE
Left to right: Nels Leroy Jorgensen, Wells's occasional collaborator; Wells; H. H. Schuyler, general manager of the Biltmore Hotels System.

As you are well aware, I have flown in dozens of Army Air Service planes, and feel quite competent to make the assertion that there isn't an organization in the world superior to it in ability. I number among its able personnel many of my closest friends. And to have any one believe that, after the Air Service had treated us so generously and rendered such efficient service in our great emergency, I could, would, or did criticize it — well, it makes me long to lay hands on the individual responsible for the wholly untrue and unfounded canard.

I have been connected with the newspaper game since I can remember and realize all too well that the Fourth Estate unfortunately numbers among its representatives some irresponsible and unreliable men who frequently bring it into disrepute. I am sure you have occasionally encountered this mongrel type of reporter, who deliberately misquotes you or allows his imagination to run rampant purely for the sake of being credited with a quasi-sensational story. It must have been one of this class that was responsible for this lie. Although I have not seen the remarks attributed to me (and if you were to send me a copy perhaps I could locate him), I can assure you that through the newspapers and in the book and magazine stories which I am now engaged in writing, I shall do everything within my power to counteract the unfavorable impression which this story must have made, and to give credit where credit is so signally due — to the Army Air Service.

In making this race around the world we were motivated by a desire to prove to the world at large and to the people of these United States in particular that the airplane is a safe, sane, and reliable passenger and freight carrier. And having traveled more than 8500 miles by air during the race, without a single threatened mishap, we believe we proved it to be just that. We also believe we have shown America how far behind the procession it is when it comes to establishing, operating, and having faith in and supporting a commercial

air transportation system worthy of this country, which is ideally laid out to have one.

During our long but comfortable flight across Europe, Russia, and a portion of Asia we knew exactly where and how long it would take us to obtain another plane in the event of an emergency. Two days before we were scheduled to land at Victoria we were informed that the Sikorsky plane which we had chartered for the flight from Seattle to New York had failed us. And it is sad but true that here in America there were no commercial planes available for such a flight. For a considerable sum of money, Walter T. Varney, of Boise, agreed to fly us to Salt Lake City, off his air-mail route; the Western Air Express sent Captain C. C. Mosely from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City to fly us from that point to North Platte, Nebraska, also hundreds of miles off its route and at tremendous cost; and Eddie Stinson left his airplane manufacturing business in Michigan to stand by in the event he was needed. Not knowing that any of these planes would be available, we called upon the Army Air Service and met with an instantaneous response.

It wasn't the fault of the Army Air Service that we failed to reach New York City on schedule. It was simply bad luck. Lieutenants Matthews and Koenig made beautiful flights between Seattle and Pasco, where Varney picked us up and carried us to Salt Lake City. We landed there after dark and Captain Mosely's machine being unequipped to fly over the mountains at night we laid over there until dawn. Despite strong head-winds we made a fast flight to North Platte and there transferred to the two fast Army planes brought from Fort Riley by Captain Boland and Lieutenant Fisher. One of these planes was equipped for night flying; the other was not; and had it not been for continuous strong head-winds we should have been landed safely at Fairfield, Ohio, before dark. As it was, both planes had to land at Rantoul, Illinois, for fuel. An hour of daylight still remained, but two hours would have been necessary for the flight to

Fairfield, and while I am sure Captain Boland would have risked his neck and equipment to get us there had we insisted, we elected to remain overnight at Rantoul, accepted the hospitality of Major McChord, and at daybreak were off again, arriving safely in New York to establish a worthwhile record.

With the personnel and equipment under your command, small as it is, you have developed an air service second to none in the matter of efficiency. We believe that and we also believe that this Nation is going to wake up soon and develop a service which will be second to none in numbers of trained flyers and unexcelled matériel. And when that occurs, commercial aviation will advance by leaps and bounds.

Please believe I deeply regret such a thing as this should have occurred, and rest assured I shall do everything within my power to counteract it.

I take this opportunity to express to you, to the Army Air Service, and to the Department of War the deep appreciation of Captain Evans and myself for the invaluable service so capably rendered us.

With assurances of high personal regard, believe me,

Yours very sincerely

LINTON WELLS

AS THE RACE WAS MADE

DEPARTED	DATE	TIME	ARRIVED	DATE	TIME	DELAY	USED
	June			June			
World Bldg., New York City	16 —	1.30 A.M.	Cherbourg	22 —	7.46 A.M.	-52	S
Cherbourg	22 —	8.38 A.M.	Paris	22 —	3.15 P.M.	-35	A
Paris	22 —	3.50 P.M.	Cologne	22 —	6.35 P.M.	1-08	P
Cologne	22 —	7.43 A.M.	Magdeburg	22 —	10.25 P.M.	-15	P
Magdeburg	22 —	10.40 P.M.	Berlin	23 —	1.40 A.M.	-55	A
Berlin	23 —	2.35 A.M.	Danzig	23 —	5.25 A.M.	-10	P
Danzig	23 —	5.35 A.M.	Königsberg	23 —	6.30 A.M.	1-25	P
Königsberg	23 —	7.55 A.M.	Smolensk	23 —	2.00 P.M.	-50	P
Smolensk	23 —	2.50 P.M.	Moscow	23 —	5.00 P.M.	8-58	P
Moscow	24 —	1.58 A.M.	Krasno-ufimsk	24 —	1.50 P.M.	1-30	P
Krasno-ufimsk	24 —	3.20 P.M.	Kurgan	24 —	10.05 P.M.	5-30	P
Kurgan	25 —	3.44 A.M.	Omsk	25 —	10.16 A.M.	5-18	P
Omsk	25 —	3.34 P.M.	Chita	29 —	9.45 A.M.	-32	T
Chita	29 —	10.17 A.M.	Manchou-li	29 —	11.15 P.M.	2-00	T
Manchou-li	30 —	1.20 A.M.	Harbin	30 —	11.35 P.M. (W)	-35	T
					(E)	4-30	T

Departed	Date	Time	Arrived	Date	Time	Delay	Used
	June			July			
Harbin (W)	30 —	12.00 MID	Mukden	1 —	9.27 A.M.	–08	T
(E)	July 1 —	4.05 A.M.	Mukden	1 —	7.42 A.M.	1–53	P
Mukden	1 —	9.35 A.M.	Antung	1 —	3.13 P.M.	–05	T
Antung	1 —	3.18 P.M.	Fusan	2 —	10.05 A.M.	–25	T
Fusan	2 —	10.30 A.M.	Shimonoseki	2 —	6.30 P.M.	2–15	S
Shimonoseki	2 —	8.45 P.M.	Yokohama	3 —	7.50 P.M.	1–07	T
Yokohama	3 —	8.57 P.M.	Victoria	12 —	3.40 A.M.	2–00	S
Victoria	12 —	5.40 A.M.	Seattle	12 —	6.50 A.M.	1–15	P
Seattle	12 —	8.05 A.M.	Pasco	12 —	10.30 A.M. (W)	1–00	P
				12 —	10.55 A.M. (E)	–35	P
Pasco	12 —	11.30 A.M.	Boise	12 —	3.35 P.M.	–55	P
Boise	12 —	4.30 P.M.	Salt Lake City	12 —	8.35 P.M.	7–55	P
Salt Lake City	13 —	4.20 A.M.	Cheyenne	13 —	7.55 A.M.	–45	P
Cheyenne	13 —	8.40 A.M.	Rantoul, Ill.	13 —	6.35 P.M.	9–15	P
Rantoul	14 —	3.50 A.M.	Cleveland	14 —	8.28 A.M. (E)	1–06	P
				14 —	8.58 A.M. (W)	–36	P
Cleveland	14 —	9.34 A.M.	Mitchel Field	14 —	2.58 P.M. (E)	–12	P
				14 —	2.59 P.M. (W)	–11	P
Mitchel Field	14 —	3.10 P.M.	N.Y. — Finish World Bldg.	14 —	4.06.05 P.M.		A

TOTAL — 28 days, 14 hours, 36 minutes, 5 seconds.
DISTANCE — Approximately 20,000 miles.
Average speed, 30 miles an hour.
Time lost, due to delays — 65 hours and 30 minutes.
S — Steamer; P — Airplane; T — Train;
A — Automobile; E — Evans; W — Wells.